

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketch of a Journey through the Western States of North America, from New Orleans, by the Mississippi, Ohio, City of Cincinnati, and Falls of Niagara, to New York, in 1827. By W. BULLOCK, F. L. S., &c. London, 1827. Miller.

THIS is a curious and interesting little volume, which, though it can scarcely be considered any thing but a compilation, is likely, from the facts which it contains, and the tone of enthusiasm which distinguishes the whole work, to produce no inconsiderable sensation. Now that the necessity for encouraging emigration is almost indisputable, and the desire for it pervades so many classes, the appearance of this Sketch is particularly opportune. The amiable and enterprising traveller announces in his prefatory 'Notice to the Public,' that the neighbourhood of Cincinnati so delighted him, and its eligibility in every respect for the residence of persons of limited property appeared so evident, that he at once purchased an extensive estate, with a handsome house, within a mile of the city, intending to make this beautiful and salubrious spot his permanent abode. So struck was he with the facilities for the erection of pleasant dwellings, with gardens to them, that on his arrival in England with a survey of the estate, he engaged Mr. Papworth, the architect, to lay out its most inviting position as a 'town of retirement,' to be called Hygeia; and this plan consequently forms the frontispiece of the volume. 'This,' observes Mr. Bullock, 'will enable persons desirous of establishing themselves in this abundant and delightful country, to do so at a very moderate expense.' Mr. B. returns to Cincinnati immediately; and we can scarcely doubt that he will be speedily followed by great numbers of that class of individuals for whom peculiarly this fascinating picture has been drawn.

Returning from Mexico to England in the spring of the present year, Mr. Bullock was recommended by an American friend to pass through the United States, by way of New Orleans, up the Mississippi and Ohio, by Lake Erie, the Falls of Niagara, the Erie Canal and Hudson River, to New York, thus shortening the sea voyage, and affording also the advantage of a view of a large and interesting portion of North America, without loss of time, or much additional expense. We select a few of the most interesting occurrences which mark this agreeable route. At New Orleans our traveller visited the 'Big Bone Museum,' and found there what are considered the remains of a tremendous lizard, at least 150 feet long; for, by Mr. B.'s measurement, the right side of the under jaw

was found to be twenty-one feet along the curve, and four feet six inches wide. These remains were discovered in a swamp near Fort Philip, and the other parts of the mighty skeleton are, it is said, in the same part of the swamp. The departure from New Orleans is described in the following extract, which exhibits in a very attractive light the admirable accommodations of American steam vessels:

'On the 3rd of April we left New Orleans, in the beautiful steam-boat George Washington, of three hundred and seventy-five tons, built at Cincinnati, and certainly the finest fresh water vessel I had seen. River boats, like these, possess the advantage of not having to contend with the ocean storms, as ours have, and are therefore built in a different manner, having three decks or stories above water. The accommodations are much larger, and farther removed from the noise, heat, and motion of the machinery; wood being the only fuel made use of, they are consequently not incommoded by the effects of the dense smoke, so annoying in some of our steam vessels. The accommodations are excellent, and the cabins furnished in the most superb manner. None of the sleeping rooms have more than two beds. The principal are on the upper story, and a gallery and verandah extends entirely round the vessel, affording ample space for exercise, sheltered from sun and rain, and commanding, from its height, a fine view of the surrounding scenery, without being incommoded by the noise of the crew passing overhead. The meals furnished in these vessels are excellent; and served in a superior style. The ladies have a separate cabin, with female attendants, and laundresses; there are, also, a circulating library, a smoking and drinking room for the gentlemen, with numerous offices for servants, &c. &c. They generally stop twice a day to take in wood for the engine, when fresh milk and other necessities are procured, and the passengers may land for a short time. The voyage before the introduction of steam, was attended with much risk and labour, and occupied ninety days, from New Orleans to Cincinnati, for small vessels; the same voyage (one thousand six hundred miles) is now performed, with the greatest ease and safety, in eleven or twelve days, against the stream, and the descent between the above places is done in seven days; each vessel taking several hundred passengers, besides her cargo of merchandise. The rate of travelling is extremely moderate in proportion to the advantages of the accommodation. We paid about eight pounds each from New Orleans to Louisville (one thousand five hundred miles,) which includes every expense of living, servants, &c. In ascending this magnificent river, the Mississippi, of which the Ohio may be considered a continuation, is navigable for the largest vessels, at high water, from the Gulf of Mexico to Pittsburgh (two thousand two hundred and twelve miles). The traveller

is now enabled, without the least danger or fatigue, to traverse the otherwise almost impassable and trackless wilderness and wilds that bound the western states of America, and this, without leaving his comfortable apartment, from the windows of which he can enjoy the constantly varying scenery, so new to European travellers.

The ascension of the river afforded scenes of great beauty:

'For sixty miles the banks present the appearance of one continued village, skirted with plantations of cotton, sugar-cane, and rice, for about two miles from the river, bounded, in the rear, by the uncultivated swamps and woods. The boat proceeds continually near the shore on one side or the other, and attracts the inhabitants to the front of their neat houses, placed amidst orange groves, and shaded with vines and beautiful evergreens. I was surprised to see the swarms of children of all colours that issued from these abodes. In infancy, the progeny of the slave, and that of his master, seem to know no distinction; they mix in their sports, and appear as fond of each other, as the brothers and sisters of one family; but in activity, life, joy, and animal spirits, the little negro, unconscious of his future situation, seems to me to enjoy more pleasure in this period of his existence, than his pale companions.'

From Baton Rouge to Natchez the country is described as uninteresting; and at the latter the boat only remained an hour, during which the travellers ascended to the upper town, which is said to command a fine prospect over the river and surrounding country. The tenth day of the voyage brought them to Louisville, in Kentucky, 1542 miles from the sea. On leaving this place, the magnificence of American rivers and scenery appeared in full perfection.

'In no part of the world,' observes Mr. Bullock, 'that I have seen, are these surpassed in grandeur or variety, every mile affording a perpetual change. The trees attain here an altitude and size unknown in Europe, and their diversity of form and colour, formed a contrast with the monotonous green of the wilderness below. Among the snow-like blossom of the dog-wood, and bright scarlet of the red-bud, which were conspicuous in the woods that now covered the sloping banks of the river, the openings between, at intervals, exhibited rich pasture lands, with comfortable farm houses, surrounded with gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and convinced the traveller, that he had left the regions of swamps and marshes, fevers and agues, and arrived at those of hill and dale, pasturage and health. We now saw greater numbers of land and water fowl. The beautiful little summer duck was plentiful—we shot several; and the black vulture was occasionally seen. In our passage up the river we had not unfrequently seen alligators, but now they entirely disappeared. We now found the cottages

comfortably furnished, and surrounded by small gardens; the inhabitants possess numerous hogs and cattle. We passed several respectable dwellings, with luxuriant orchards and vineyards, that announced our approach to a more cultivated and richer population than we had before seen.

They had now reached the land of promise, with a few descriptive sketches of which we wind up our notice of Mr. Bullock's amusing journey.

'When within a mile of Cincinnati, the elegant house and extensive estate, called Elmwood, the residence of Thomas D. Carneal, Esq. was pointed out to me, by a gentleman of the country, as one of the finest residences in that part of America. Passing the powder-works, and the bridge over the Deer Creek, a few minutes brought us opposite the city, where we saw the glass-houses, paper-mills, foundries, and other demonstrations of a flourishing and rising commercial and manufacturing city. It was Easter Sunday, and the landing was crowded with respectable well-dressed people. We had only a minute to view the front of this part of the city, with the steam-boat landing, and the villages of Newport and Cavington on the opposite side, before we were landed, and introduced to Col. Mack, proprietor of the principal hotel; an establishment of order, regularity, and comfort, that would do credit to any city of Europe. The number and respectability of its guests proved at once the estimation in which it was held in the country. The dinner-bell summoned us at two o'clock, and we found an assemblage of about seventy ladies and gentlemen; the former at the head of the table, with Mrs. Mack, while the colonel was on his feet, attending to the wants of his guests, and seeing that the waiters were attending to their duty. The dinner was such, that an epicure, from whatever part of the world he might have arrived, would have had little cause to complain, as in no part of my travels have I seen a table spread with more profusion, or better served; the only occasion of complaint with an Englishman would arise from the want of warm plates, and a little more time to have enjoyed the repast, twenty minutes only being allowed by the industrious habits of this part of America, for their principal meal. Little wine is used at the dinner-table; the guests, being principally merchants, who prefer this mode of living to housekeeping, return immediately to their stores, or counting-houses, with a better relish for business than is usually found after the enjoyment of the bottle. I should have stated, that, before dinner, we underwent the undeviating ceremony of introduction to the principal guests, who were assembled in the drawing-room. In no part of the old Continent that I have visited, are strangers treated with more attention, politeness, and respect, than in Cincinnati; and where, indeed, can an Englishman forget that he is not at home, except in the United States? In most other regions, he must forego many early habits, prejudices, and propensities, and accommodate himself to others, perhaps, diametrically opposite; he must disguise or conceal his religious or political opinions; must forget his native language, and acquire fluency in another, before he can make even his wants known, or his wishes understood; but here the same language and fashion, as in his own, prevail in every state; indeed it is necessary for him to declare himself a foreigner, to be known as

such; and I have always found this declaration a passport to increased attention and kindness, for every man in this land of freedom enjoys his opinions unmolested. Not having the slightest intention of stopping at any town on my way to New York, I was without any introductions; but this deficiency, by no means prevented my receiving the usual benefit of the hospitality of the inhabitants, which was such, as to induce us, at first, to remain a few days, and ultimately, probably, to end our lives with them.

'My first ramble on the morning after my arrival was to the market, at an early hour, where a novel and interesting sight presented itself. Several hundred waggons, tilted with white canvass, and each drawn by three or four horses, with a pole, in a similar manner to our coaches, were backed against the pavement, or footway, of the market-place, the tail-board, or flap of the waggon, turned down, so as to form a kind of counter, and convert the body of the carriage into a portable shop, in which were seated the owners, amidst the displayed produce of their farms; the whole having something of the appearance of an extensive encampment, arranged in perfect order. It was the first time I had seen an American market, and if I was surprised at the arrangement, I was much more so, at the prices of the articles, as well as at their superior quality. For a hind quarter of mutton, thirteen-pence was demanded; a turkey, that would have borne a comparison with the best Christmas bird from Norfolk, the same price; fowls, three-pence to four-pence each; a fine roasting pig, ready for the spit, one shilling and three-pence; beef, three-halfpence per pound; pork, one penny per pound; butter, cheese, Indian corn, wheaten flour, and every other article in the same proportion.

'The fish market was equally good and reasonable; and the vegetables as excellent as the season would allow; the asparagus in particular, superior in goodness and size to that exposed at Covent Garden, and at less than one-fourth of its price.

'It was not the season for fruits; but, from the best information I could obtain, they were on a par with the other productions of the country. Melons, grapes, peaches, and apples are said to be equal to those of any part of the States, and are sold also at a proportionate price. Dried fruits of various sorts were plentiful, as well as apples, and chesnuts of last year; taking the market altogether, I know of none equal to it; yet this was considered to be the dearest period of the year; game and venison were not to be had.

'In the afternoon I accompanied some gentlemen to view the environs. We descended the Ohio, in a small wherry, about half a mile below the city, and landed on the Kentucky side, at the foot of one of those hills, that together form a sort of amphitheatre, in which Cincinnati stands. From the side of this hill, a complete view of the whole neighbourhood is obtained. The town, with its domes, churches, and public buildings, lay at our feet. The extended prospect reminded us strongly of the view from Richmond Hill; the same delightful variety of hill and dale, enriched by the windings of the tranquil Ohio, with its various vessels for pleasure and commerce. Its gently swelling hills, however, are covered with wood and forests, which have no equal in Europe; even the charms of art and refinement are not wanting to complete the scene, as the elegant white villas of many of the more opulent inha-

bitants, already make their appearance in the most romantic situations in the vicinity.

'Every hour spent in this place, every adjacent excursion, every comparison made between its site, and all others that I was acquainted with, served more strongly to convince me, that, for the industrious peasant, artisan, manufacturer, or other person, with a small income, arising from capital, no situation I had seen, embraced so many advantages for a place of residence, as this rising and prosperous little city; which, springing from the wilderness, has attained its present state of opulence and distinction within a few years, through the commercial spirit and industry of its inhabitants, aided by the advantages of its local situation, and the introduction of steam power. To these may be added, its extremely healthy site, and salubrity of climate (not an instance of fever, or ague, being there known); the richness of its soil, the overflowing plenty, and unparalleled cheapness of the necessaries, as well as the luxuries of life; the industry, the kindness, and urbanity of its inhabitants to strangers; the benefits derived from its public institutions, and the excellent society it affords, from the liberty and freedom of opinion being enjoyed under its mild government; from the employment given to industry and labour; and from the interest derived from capital, which is here increased to treble what it is in Europe, whilst the expense of living is not one-third of what it is there, and taxes are scarcely felt. All these advantages considered, I know of no place that bears comparison with Cincinnati.'

Enthusiasm is so apt to deceive itself and mislead others, and of this deception we have had so many painful (and some amusing) examples, that we confess an inclination to look hesitatingly on all such announcements as the present. Yet the high character of Mr. Bullock for integrity and discrimination, and his evident disinterestedness, win from us the belief that persons of limited property, who are in search of 'a cheap, agreeable, and healthful retreat,' will find such in his projected rural town. We ought to observe, that appended to Mr. Bullock's sketch is an account of 'Cincinnati in 1826,' from the pens of B. Drake and E. D. Mansfield, in which they at once incorporate and confirm the information published by Dr. Drake, in 1815. Mr. Bullock vouches for the correctness of this account, and to us it appears to be carefully and industriously drawn up.

The Past and Present Statistical State of Ireland, exhibited in a Series of Tables, principally derived from Official Documents and the best Authorities. By CESAR MOREAU, Esq., F.R.S. Tréuttel and Würtz.

IRELAND and Irish affairs, whether sketched by the glowing pencil of Lady Morgan, or stated with the precision and unpretending plainness of M. Moreau, are fertile themes of interest, and present an ample field for investigation. For the light-hearted there is amusement; for the philosophical, full scope for speculation; for the benevolent, room for the exercise of the active charities; and for the adepts in political science, many an opportunity for improvement and amelioration. Public attention, as we have often taken occasion to remark, cannot be too frequently or

earnestly directed to the situation of our sister-island; and we deeply regret that on matters of such vital interest so much indifference prevails in this country. Is the votary of pleasure in pursuit of the great want of his existence—the excitement to be derived from change of scene, and the amusement arising from difference of manners and modes of life,—the charm of stepping out of the worn track into the seductions of new society,—is it to Ireland, though abounding in all these,—though superabundantly rich in all that can gratify the lounge or the man of literature,—is it to her that he directs his thoughts? No; the eternal tour of Europe; the visit to Paris; the unvaried and hackneyed route is his sole resource; and deluding himself with the idea of *change*, he leaves behind him and *at home*, much that is preeminently interesting, and all that is (and ought not to be) *really* novel. Possibly this perversion of taste may occasion rather sorrow than surprise; but what excuse can be imagined for the *philanthropy*, which in a spirit of Quixotic wandering, flies all over the world in search of objects of compassion, and overlooks in its flight the virtuous and the industrious, who are starving on its threshold? It is this circumstance more than any other that has brought into disrepute the innumerable swarms of missionary and proselytizing societies,—the distributors of charities intended for the sole benefit of foreigners suffering far less than those who, united to us by the bond of common interest, yet have withheld from them the assistance and support so bountifully bestowed on others. Any medium through which these considerations are pressed upon the public, is deserving of attention; and on this ground the volume of M. Moreau, which though, perhaps, not peculiarly adapted for the purpose we have mentioned, and possibly not altogether so perfect as we could wish, is yet a valuable addition to his statistical efforts, and bears increased testimony to his skill and indefatigability. Not a single important detail, whether relating to the antiquities of the country or to its present condition, has been omitted; and every statement is made with the utmost clearness and intelligibility. Of the most useful portion of the work, its tabular contents, we shall simply state, that the former works of M. Moreau afford us every reason for a reliance on the correctness of that now before us. We append a few miscellaneous extracts, principally appertaining to the internal trade of Ireland:—

Distillation.—Distilling, though it does not properly fall under the denomination of manufacture, may be introduced here; because it is an occupation, which, like manufacture, contributes to give employment to the people, and to render labour productive.

Spirits are manufactured either from malt, or from a mixture of malt and raw grain; the material, when ground, is mashed in hot water, and the extract (called worts) is drawn off from the grain and set to cool; by the addition of yeast, this extract is made to ferment, and is then called wash. From this wash, imperfect spirits, called in Ireland singlings, in England and Scotland low wines, are first produced. This product is again distilled, and, after the

second distillation, the spirits are sold to the consumer in Ireland and Scotland, without further preparation; in England, they pass from the distiller into the hands of the rectifier, who, by a further process of distillation and compounding, prepares them for consumption.

The distilleries in Ireland may be divided into two classes, the legal and the illicit; the former working under a license obtained from the government, and the latter privately, without paying duty. The suppression of the illegal stills, those sources of loss to the revenue, particularly when the duty is high, and the temptation to fraud great, has at all times engaged the attention of the legislature, and various means have been devised, and numerous laws enacted, with a view to remedy the evil. At one time, stills were allowed to be of any size, according to the option of the persons to whom they belonged; at another, they were limited.

The Irish and British legislature have, from time to time, made various provisions and regulations, some of them exceedingly severe, in order to suppress illegal stills; but the means employed to counteract them are conducted in so systematic a manner, and in some places with such a determined spirit of opposition, that they do not appear to have answered the proposed end.

In Ireland, it appears, from the evidence annexed to the 5th Report of the Commissioners, presented to the House of Commons, 30th May, 1823, No. 405, pages 69 to 99, Appendix, No. 28 to 31, that Ireland has been absolutely disorganized and placed in opposition, (speaking of the distillery) not only to the civil authority, but to the military force of the government. The profits to be obtained from the evasion of the law, have been such as to encourage numerous individuals to persevere in these desperate pursuits, notwithstanding the risk of property and life with which they have been attended.

Illicit Distilleries.—Illicit stills are completely established in all the north western counties, and afford a striking proof that a branch of industry may flourish, and be extended without the aid of premiums. The late restrictions, which prohibit the legal stills from using corn, have given more stability to this kind of distillation; and I am convinced, whatever penal laws or regulations may be made, that it is almost impossible to extirpate illicit distilleries from the mountains. It has been represented to me, and I believe with truth, that they are erected in the kitchens of baronets and in the stables of clergymen. The mountains are covered with them, and they are to be met with in the very last places where an English excise officer would expect to discover them.

A very great profit arises from this trade, hence the strong temptation to pursue it, and the means by which persons engaged in it are enabled, by bribing the officers, to elude detection; but this profit is sometimes uncertain, depending on the price of corn and the success of the subsequent sale of the spirit. There is also a great waste of wash and of grains, which in many cases are thrown away and buried, in order to prevent discovery.

Salting Provisions.—The principal part of the provision trade is confined to the city of Cork, whence most of the beef, pork, and butter, produced in the southern districts of Ireland is exported. The beef cured is divided into three different sorts, planters' beef, India beef, and common beef. The planters' beef has among it no part of the head, neck, or shoul-

ders, and the same parts, with the back bone and shanks, are separated from the India beef. The common beef is packed up with the addition of those coarse parts, which have been taken from the planters' and India beef. The merchant purchases the carcass of the grazier by weight; cows and small lean cattle bring the least prices, and fat oxen of six years old the greatest. The prices were, for the most part, from 36 to 44 shillings per cwt. When made up, planters' beef sells from 4 to 6 shillings per cwt. higher than the India beef, and the latter 4 to 6 shillings higher than the common. It is packed either into tierces or barrels, the former containing 300lbs. and the latter 200lbs. of meat, independently of salt. The meat is suffered to remain seven or eight days in salt before it is packed. The expedition with which the animals are slaughtered, the meat cut up and salted, and afterwards packed, is astonishing. As the people employed in this business have acquired great expertness by habit, every part of it is conducted with the utmost regularity and despatch. When the animals are killed, the hides are returned to the grazier for sale. The oldest cattle furnish the lightest hides, and these, of course, sell for the least money. The fat he disposes of to the tallow merchant.

Pork is packed up in the same manner. St. Ubes' salt, on account of the coarseness of the grain, is preferred to any other. It is slower in dissolving, and, consequently, the meat at the top of the barrel is preserved much longer than if the salt dissolved immediately and sunk down to the bottom.

The wood of which the barrels and tierces are made is imported from America.

Bacon and hams are salted on an extensive scale at Limerick, Clonmel, and Waterford, whence they are shipped to London, where they are finally cured and dried, by means of fires made with shavings of different kinds of wood, each of which gives them a distinct flavour. Hence you may buy a Westphalia or a Yorkshire ham made from a hog salted in Ireland.

One of the most interesting and important portions of this work is the account of the public revenue, expenditure, and debt. It is an excellent compilation from Warner, Rymer, Leland, Clarendon, &c. The facts are carefully connected, and we have a clear view of the financial affairs of Ireland, from the period when the tributes to the native princes consisted of oxen, horses, hogs, and mantles, besides contributions of men and ships, down to the present, when the art of raising a revenue is so much better understood. We now take leave of a book which presents to those who are absorbed by other occupations, or who possess no opportunities of consulting the high but scattered authorities, (whose information is condensed in these compendious sheets), an easy and expeditious means of instruction on every subject relative to Ireland, which can be interesting to the politician, the man of business, or the general reader.

Voyage aux Alpes et en Italie. Par M. ALBERT MONTEMONT. Paris, 1827. C. Béchét.

A Journey across the Alps and into Italy. By M. ALBERT MONTEMONT.

TRAVELLING has now become so much the fashion, and what with steam-boats and steam-carriages, the time, and therefore the ex-

pense necessary for the performance of a journey, will be ere long so much reduced, that we may in a few years expect that the banks of the lake of Geneva will become the fashionable watering place for our English aristocracy; our descendants will think no more of an excursion across the Alps, than our ancestors did of a trip to Richmond Hill; and, as no man can become a member of the Traveller's Club, unless he has been to Athens, so henceforward no one must venture to write himself a tourist, unless, like Captain Cook, he has made *le tour du monde*.

We remember the time, when the pleasures afforded by inspecting the romantic scenery of Switzerland, were enjoyed by the chosen few; by the rich who thought they could not pay too dearly for a pleasure which few but the wealthy could enjoy; or by the admirer, the lover of nature; by the painter and the poet, who, after having undergone fatigues and privations, thought themselves fully repaid, when, from Mount Jura, they caught the first glimpse of the beautiful and unrivalled scene that lay beneath them, and felt the full force of the observation of a contemporary:—

'Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night;
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching out from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal
As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.'

Rogers's Italy.

The case is now different. When, a few years ago, peace offered the English an access to the continent, the truth of the old French proverb '*Qui n'a vu Paris n'a rien vu*,' seemed to be fully felt by our countrymen, and to Paris therefore crowds went, until to go to Paris was considered as vulgar an excursion as a trip to Margate. The line of demarcation was therefore extended; a journey to Switzerland is now a *sine qua non* among the would-be fashionable, and Chamouni and Montanvert are names uttered as familiarly and as frequently, in our drawing-rooms, as those of Paër or of Rossini.

This being the case, we should hardly have thought it worth while to call the attention of our readers to a Journey across the Alps, did not the work in question appear to us deserving of notice, for more than one reason. First, although we have several works on the subject in English, we know but little of the impression which the scenes we so much admire have made on individuals of a different nation. It is a singular fact, that while the quiet, home-loving Englishman is ever found roving into foreign lands, the active, restless Frenchman, if ever he travels (which he rarely does for the mere pleasure of travelling), seldom goes beyond the frontiers of his own country. We have not now leisure, nor is this, perhaps, a fit opportunity to discuss this singular question, but we imagine it may be no unpleasing task to look into the feelings and opinions of a foreigner, on a subject which seems to excite so universal an interest amongst us.

M. Montémont (no inappropriate name for one who has been travelling over *mont et*

montagne), has also some peculiar claims to our attention. Besides holding no mean place among the *littérateurs* of France, he is particularly known as the successful translator of some of our best poets. Both Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, and Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, have been translated by him, in a manner which does equal credit to his judgment and his genius. To these he has added some other translations, among which we cannot forbear noticing that of Dryden's Alexander's Feast, one of the finest compositions in our language, the translation of which is (and we could not pay M. Montémont a higher compliment), every way worthy of the original.

For these reasons, therefore, we have thought this Journey across the Alps deserving of our attention; but having said so much in the introduction, we must be proportionably brief in the remarks we have now to offer.

M. Montémont's book is written in a style not yet adopted in this country, where it never can become very popular; we mean a mixture of prose and poetry, a style which contributed greatly to the success of Demoustier's *Lettres sur la Mythologie*, a work likely to afford as much pleasure, and as little information as any we know on that subject. Of this style we profess ourselves to be no great admirers, and the volumes of M. Montémont contain so much valuable matter, that we could wish he had conveyed his information in plain prose, and not interrupted his narration so frequently by poetical ejaculations, which are not always equally felicitous. Sometimes, however, he introduces his poetical scraps with considerable effect and success, as for instance, when having mentioned two of our countrymen with whom he met on the road, and who could not speak a word of French, he adds:—

'Ce n'étaient point de ces tristes esprits
De plum-pudding and de spleen seul épris:
A leur allégresse insulaire,
A leurs transports, à leurs désirs de plaire,
Aisément chacun les eût pris
Pour de joyeux humains, du Dieu Comus chéris
Tous deux avec aisance ils remplissaient
leur rôle:
A des mortels si bien appris
Que manquait-il pour avoir plus de prix?
La parole.'

Besides these poetical illustrations, the volume abounds with valuable information of every kind. To quote from a book, however interesting, written on a subject on which so much has already been written and said, would be a work of supererogation, and therefore we forbear from doing so; but we can assure our readers, and particularly our fair countrywomen, that whenever it is their good fortune to visit the wild scenery of Switzerland, and the less varied though not less beautiful land of Italy, it will be difficult for them to meet with a more pleasing companion than M. Montémont's *Voyage aux Alpes et en Italie*.

Early Prose Romances.—No. VI. *Doctor Faustus*; No. VII. *Tom a Lincolne*. London. Pickering.

THE readers of *The Literary Chronicle* are already in possession of our opinion upon the general character of these romances; we shall not, therefore, comment further than to remark that No. IV. is *The Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, the renowned magician, who has sometimes been confounded with Fust, the printer; and cannot fail to be very diverting to any imagination that delights in the revelries of necromancy. *The History of Tom a Lincolne* affords pleasure more akin to military genius, and is indeed an elegantly written charming romance of chivalry, from which we shall make a short extract. The historian tells us that when King Arthur wore the imperial diadem, he came and feasted with Andriogius, at that time Earl of London, 'who house was grac't with a number of beautiful ladies.'

'Amongst these the earle's daughter had the chiefest praise for beauty and courtly behaviour; for even as the silver shining moone in a winters frosty night, surpasseth the brightest of the twinkling stars, so faire Angellicas sweet feature exceeded the rest of the ladies; whereby King Arthur was so intangled in the snares of love, that by no means he could withdraw his affections from her divine excellence.' Angelica yields to the king's desires. Subsequently she retires to a monastery, and becomes a mother of 'a goodly son, whom King Arthur caused to be wrapped in a mantle of greene silke, tying a purse of gold about his necke, and so causing the midwife to beare it into the field, and to lay it at a shepherd's gate neare adjoyning to the citie, in hope the old man should foster it as his own; by which means his Angelica's dishonour might be kept secret from the world, and his own disgrace from the murmuring reports of the vulgar people.'

'This being done, the midwife withdrew herselfe some little distance from that place, and hid herselfe closely behind a well growne oake, diligently marking what should betide the comfortless infant; but long she had not there remained, but there flocked such a number of little birds about the young harmless babe, and made such a chirping melody, that it fell into a silent slumber, and slept as sweetly as though it had beene laid in a bed of softest silke.

'By this time the golden sunne began to glisten on the mountaine top, and his sister Luna to withdraw her waterish countenance: at which time the pleasant shepherds began to tune their morning notes and to rejoyce unto their folded sheepe, according to their wonted manner: amongst which crew of lusty swaynes, old Antonio approached forth of his gate with a cheerfull countenance, whose beard was as white as polished silver, or like to snowe lying upon the northern mountaines: this bonny shepherd no sooner espyed Angellica's sweete babe lying upon the greene hillocke, but immediately hee tooke it up; and viewing circumspectly every parcell of the rich vestments wherein it was wrapped, at last found out the purse of gold, which the king had tyed unto the child's necke, whereat the shepherd so exceedingly rejoyced, that for the time he stood as a man ravished with pleasure, and was not able to remove from the place where he stood: but yet at last thinking within himself that

heaven had sent him that good fortune, not only giving him riches but withall a sonne, to be a comfort to him in his latter yeares; so bearing it in to his old wife, and withall the purse of gold, and the rich mantle, with the other things; who at the sight thereof was as highly pleased as her husband when he found it first: so being both agreed to foster, and bring it up as their own, considering, that nature never gave them in all their life any child, incontinently they caused it to be christened, and called by the name of Tom a Lincolne (after the town where it was found), a name most fitting for it, in that they knew not who were his the parents.'

Growing into manhood Tom a Lincolne showed a spirit beyond that of his rustic companions, who chose him for their chief, and distinguished him with the title of the Red Rose Knight, and he and his followers repaired to Barnsdale heath, where they pitched their tents and lived upon the robberies and spoils of passengers:

'This disordered life so highly displeased the parents of these unruly outlaws, that many of them dyed with griefe; but especially of all other, old Antonio took it in ill part, considering how dearly hee loved him, and how tenderly he had brought him up from his infancie; therefore he purposed to practice a meane to call him from that uncivill kind of life, if it might possible be brought to passe; so in his old dayes undertaking this taske, hee travelled towards Barnsdale heath, into which being no sooner entered but some of the ruder sorte of these outlaws seized upon the old man, and without any further violence brought him before their lord and captain, who at the first sight knew him to be his father (as he thought) and therefore used him most kindly, giving him the best entertainment that hee could devise: where, after they had some small time conferred together, the good old man brake out into these speeches; Oh thou degenerate (quoth he) from natures kind: is this thy duty to thy fathers age, thus disobediently to live, wounding thy natural country with unlawfull spoyles? Is this the comfort of mine age, is this thy love unto thy parents, whose tender care hath beene ever to advance thy estate? Canst thou behold these milk white haire of mine all so rent and torne, which I have violently martyred in thy absence? Canst thou indure to see my dim eyes almost sightlesse through age, to drop down teares at thy disobedient feet? Ah, wherefore hast thou infringed the lawes of nature thus cruelly to kill thy father's heart with griefe, and to end his dayes by thy vitious life? Returne, returne, deare childe, banish from thy breast these base actions, that I may say I have a virtuous sonne; and be not like the viperous brood that works the untimely death of their parents. And speaking these words, griefe so exceeded the bounds of reason that he stood silent, and beginning againe to speake, teares trickled from his eyes in such abundance, that they stayed the passage of his speech; the which being perceived by the "Red Rose Knight," he humbly fell upon his knees, and in this sort spake unto good Antonio: Most deare and reverend father, if my offence doe seem odious in your eyes that I deserve no forgiveness, then here behold now your poore inglorious sonne, laying his breast open, ready prepared to receive deaths remorseless stroke from your aged hands, as a due punishment for this my disobedient crime; but to be reclaimed from this honourable kind of life (I count it honourable, because

it tasteth of manhood), first shall the sun bring day from out the westerne heavens, and the silver moone lodge her brightnesse in the eastern waves, and all things else against both kind and nature turne their wonted course. Well then (quoth Antonio) if thy resolution be such, that neither my bitter teares, nor my faire intreaties may prevaile to withdraw thy vaine folly, then know (thou most ungracious impe) that thou art no son of mine, but sprung rom the bowels of some untamed tyger, or wild lionesse, else wouldst thou humbly submit thyselfe to my reverent persuasions; from whence thou camest I know not, but sure thy brest harbours the tyranny of some monstrous tyrant, from whose loynes thou art naturally descended. Thou art no fruit of my body, for I found thee (in thy infancie) lying in the fields, cast out as a prey for ravening fowles, ready to be devoured by hunger-starved dogs; but such was my pittie towards thee that I tooke thee up, and ever since have fostered thee as mine own child; but now such is thy unbridled folly, that my kind courtesie is requited with extreme ingratitude, which sin above all others the immortall powers of heaven doe condemne, and the very devils themselves doe hate; therefore like a serpent henceforth will I spit at thee, and never cease to make incessant prayers to the justfull heavens, to revenge this thy monstrous disobedience.

'These words being ended, he gave such an extreame sigh, that his very heart brake with griefe, and he immediately dyed in the presence of the Red Rose Knight. For whose death hee made more sorrowful lamentation, then Niobe did for her seven sonnes. But in recompence of old Antonios kind love, that preserved his infancie from the fury of ravenous fowles, he entombed him most stately in the citie of Lincoln, whose body hee sent thither by certaine passengers whom hee had taken and withall a thousand pounds in treasures, to be bestowed upon a great bell to be rung at his funerall, which bell he caused to be called Tom a Lincolne, after his own name, where to this day it remaineth in the same citie.'

After this the memoirs of our hero assume a still more romantic character; he was received at King Arthur's court, became one of the knights of the round table, and was engaged in a series of adventures, the perusal of which afford much entertainment.

America; or, a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with a Conjecture on their future Prospects. By ALEXANDER EVERETT, Esq., American Minister at Madrid. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1827. Carey, Lea, and Carey.

A Eulogium on Thomas Jefferson, delivered before the American Philosophical Society on the 11th day of April, 1827. By NICHOLAS BIDDLE. 8vo. pp. 56. Philadelphia, 1827. R. H. Small.

THE above named publications reached us a few weeks ago from the United States of America; we have been unable to turn our attention to them before, but they are both of importance and considerable interest.

Of course, whatever may be our views as to the late war with America, by which colonies of such magnitude and importance were for ever torn from the mother country,—we cannot, as Englishmen, approve of numerous

expressions to be found in these pamphlets, nor, indeed, of the whole strain of the language made use of by their writers. A love of country and independence may go far to justify the high tone of feeling and language here adopted, but we who wish to separate truth from these its accompaniments, cannot follow our authors, to quite such an extent as they would willingly lead us.

We notice the first named publication chiefly with a view of abstracting some particulars from it, relative to General Hamilton; of whom Mr. E. says, few men have been alternately the subject of more decided praise and reprobation. A period of more than twenty years has passed since his death, and the people who are now enjoying the benefit of his services, and who suffered but little, if at all from his faults, are now disposed to pay him an almost unmingled tribute of admiration and gratitude.

'Hamilton possessed a mind of the highest order. It may be conjectured, the natural bent of his disposition was for active, and especially military life. We find him, at the age of sixteen or eighteen, entering the army as a captain of artillery, and recommending himself immediately to the confidence of Washington, in whose family he lived through the revolutionary war, as aid-de-camp, and, finally, commanding with success one of the attacks on Yorktown, in the decisive action that brought the struggle to a close. His talent for military pursuits did not unfit him for civil occupations; for no sooner were the labours of the camp at an end, than he engaged, with equal ardour and success, in the senate and the forum. He was a leading member of the congress of the old confederacy, but soon perceived the defect of this system; and if Madison advised the first step towards the adoption of the present constitution, Hamilton was, if possible, more zealous in maturing its details and urging its adoption. Washington wavered on the subject, but Hamilton induced him to give it the weight of his authority, which finally secured its adoption. To fight the battles and form the government of the country were only introductory steps. We next find him at the head of what was then the most important of administrations, organizing, establishing, new modelling every thing. He found the country bankrupt, and left it possessed of unlimited credit; he found the people poor, presented them a capital of 100,000,000 dollars to begin with, and carried wealth into every body's coffers but his own. Having thus settled the nation—we behold him figuring, after a few months study and no practice, in a post at which few arrive, without twenty or thirty years study, preparation, and effort—at the head of the New York bar, where he continued till the day of his untimely death, confidentially consulted by the government; regarded as a leader by one political party, and respected by the other; the delight of his friends and an honour to the country. It was a mere episode in the regular course of his labour, to arrange and organize the army in 1793. The attainment of a finished elegance of manner, as a writer or speaker, was hardly compatible with the hurried course of his life. "His writings exhibit a sound and judicious train of thought, expressed in perfectly plain and unpretending language." There are few traces in his works of extensive reading or habitual and profound meditation. His thoughts are rather the spontaneous results of

powerful and original mind, practical in its tastes and pursuits, and always directed intensely to the subject in hand.

Mr. Everett's praise is now so extravagant, that we really hesitate to quote his words; he says, 'Hamilton is perhaps the most remarkable example that has ever been seen, of an union of various and opposite talents;—rising as a legislative politician far above all names in English history!'—It is true, in a note, he expresses his hope that his language is not extravagant, and tells us he should not think of comparing Hamilton, as a scientific political philosopher, with Locke, Hume, or Burke. Whether the praise given to Hamilton be altogether deserved or not, we have no hesitation in pronouncing a decision; but we proceed to the character here drawn of him:

'When we look merely at his astonishing and various talents,—first-rate capacity, unwearied activity, boundless ambition, directed by a passion for military life, an impetuous temperament, and a private morality that savoured in some points of the tent rather than the tabernacle—it must be owned, such a character is somewhat dangerous in a free state. It is, therefore, the more honourable to him, that his talents and activity were uniformly exerted in the general good. His purity as secretary of the treasury was called in question, but came out from the trial unsullied; and if he gave any reasonable cause for suspicion, it was, perhaps, when he exhibited so strong a desire to prolong the war with France, in 1799, which may be well attributed to mistaken views of state policy. He has been accused of entertaining, toward the close of his life, a strong distaste for democracy, and of cherishing high ambitious projects. But these are idle rumours, and any slight foundation of real fact may be satisfactorily explained. As a private man, he constantly exercised the highest moral virtues, a sublime disinterestedness, a generous frankness, and a warmth of heart, urging him to unwearied activity in the service of his friends and country. Some few blemishes soiled his character, but who would record them against the hero of York Town, the nursery father of the constitution, the founder of the credit of his country. When he died, there was a general burst of anguish and despair, little inferior to that which accompanied the funeral of Washington. Who can have forgotten the melting eulogy in which Fisher Ames poured out his tender soul like water over the ashes of his friend?'

Of the character of Jefferson, we gave some account in the 379th number of this journal.

THE O'BRIENS AND O'FLAHERTYS. (Concluded from page 713.)

WE have professed no intention of anticipating the reader by any detail of the ingenious plot and exquisite machinery of these volumes; and shall, as in our first notice, only attempt to detach one or two of the more striking scenes or most interesting portraiture; conceiving such the best general mode of conveying an idea of this species of writing, and especially on the present occasion, when the extracts speak more eloquently for themselves, than the most eulogistic criticism could be made to do. In pursuance of this plan, we now introduce the Abbess Beavoin O'Flaherty, the guardian destiny of O'Brien,—

'That in voice and form, in passing glances and partial revelations, had pursued him, from the choir of the Gesù Bambino, to the pavilions of the Borghese palace—from the saloons of the castle, to the fallen ruins of O'Brien's house—from the caves of Cong, to the smoky chambers of Bog Moy—and had now been manifested to him in the palpable form of a young and beautiful woman!—of a woman, however, veiled and vowed to a religion, to which it was possible that her ambition and her prejudices, were alike devoted.' * * *

'The lady was seated at an open casement. Her table was piled with volumes richly bound, one of which lay open before her; and from the implements scattered about, she appeared to have been painting in it. A finely-carved ebony crucifix stood before her. Her dress was a religious habit, with ample sleeves to the wrist, and confined by a girdle beneath the bust. The folds of her veil and *sogolo* were so arranged, as to give a strong resemblance of the bust of the *Vestale* in the capitol.

'Her countenance was rich in expression, passionate and intellectual, even in repose; it resembled the female heads of Correggio. Her features were mobile and full of play, and her complexion was of that tint only found in Italy,—pale, but not fair; and of that high polish peculiar to the skins of southern regions. Her eyes were Irish eyes, large, gray, deep set, and fringed, and arched by long dark lashes and brows; the extreme whiteness of the muslin round her face, formed a striking contrast to tints so mellow, and traits so marked. A slight flush passed across her transparent cheek, as she rose to receive her fashionable visitors; and her smile, displacing the almost awful gravity of her look, at the entrance of her guests, exhibited perhaps something too much of her white and regular teeth, and gave an almost fearful expression to her countenance. It was a beautiful smile, but too acute, and seemed to indicate a spirit that "o'er informed its tenement of clay." Her real or affected dignity put even the effrontery of Lady Knocklofty and Lady Honoria out of countenance. Though they had entered *armées de tout pièce* from that exhaustless dépôt, their habitual assurance, yet conventional insolence shrank before the natural influence of evident intellectual superiority; and when she motioned them to a sofa opposite to her, they took their places with some little embarrassment. The gentlemen sat, or stood as they pleased; the general and his aids-de-camp at an open window, Lord Charles on the arm of the sofa, and Lord Arranmore behind Lady Knocklofty, and leaning over its back.

"I fear," said Lady Knocklofty, recovering her *air prononcé*, "that we intrude on you; but our natural desire to see a person so celebrated must be our excuse."

"Celebrated!" interrupted the lady, coldly. "I did not suspect I was even *known*; this remote solitude is not much adapted to bestow celebrity!"

"At least," said Lady Honoria, coming to her friend's assistance, "our desire to see one so worthy to be celebrated, a person so distinguished."

"Distinguished!" repeated the reverend mother, opening her large eyes, with a look and tone so *naïve*, that its *naïveté* might almost pass for knavery.

"Is it not a distinction," said Lady Honoria, a little posed how to proceed, "to have the courage, the devotion to retire to 'these dark solitudes and awful cells,' with endowments

every way qualified to adorn and to enjoy society! With such musical talents alone, with such a voice, you might aspire to——"

"To be a *seconda donna*," interrupted the superior, "in some provincial opera in Italy, with a salary of ten *lire* a night; or to obtain the patronage of some great London lady, till I sang myself out of fashion; and then share the fate of so many others; *fêléé* to-day, far beyond my merits, forgotten to-morrow, far below my deserts: or perhaps I might even make my way to the Irish capital, and be called upon for a hunting song, in the midst of a bravura, or be interrupted in a concerto on the harp to play magical music, and symphonize Hunt the Slipper, or Puss in the Corner."

'Every body started, some smiled, and looks of intelligence and surprise were mutually exchanged.

"Oh! you doubt the fact," continued the reverend mother, in the same strain of irony. "A friend of mine, however, was thus used, who brought *her* endowments to adorn the society of Dublin, and had hoped to make her fortune in that 'land of song,' which has taken an harp for its arms; but she saw at once the fallacy of her hopes, and resigned them."

"But you, madam," said the courteous general, approaching the table, and throwing his eyes over a beautiful illumination she was painting on a leaf of a missal, "you at least could fear no failure; such talents must command success every where, as well as deserve it;" and he added, with the air of one who announced a discovery, "talent, like knowledge, is power."

"Talent is only available when seconded by the *prestige* of fashion," replied the superior, coldly; "knowledge may be power, in nations, but wealth is the power of individuals. Those," she added, throwing herself back in her *fauteuil*, "whose endowments are of the highest cast, and who have not their age along with them, will find their knowledge not power, but impediment; and they will be soon taught that the light thrown upon a society, which is not prepared to reflect it, serves but to consume the spirit that kindles it. 'Tis the bursting of a rocket, before it is launched; but the world is governed by common places."

'Every body remained silent, while, as if to fill up the awkwardness of the pause, the superior, turning to Lady Knocklofty, observed,

"I cannot imagine how your ladyship and your party, got into that line of mountain, which led you down upon this glen. There is an old pass, recently repaired and opened, which leads down by the coast, to the town of St. Grellan: likewise it is a short and beautiful sail from Beauregard to the inlet, which communicates with our lakes, and by which you might penetrate into our hills, with the aid of burlings and corricles, (the native means of navigating the shallows, and passing the rapids of this romantic solitude,) that is, if *toutefois* your object be to visit the wilds of Connemara, so rarely sought by such wanderers."

"Our object," said Lady Honoria, whose brilliant flippancy yielded to the superior influence of one, who sat like an intelligence in the midst of inferior agents; "our object here, madam, has been most agreeably disappointed. We set forth to take an early dinner *au bout du banc*, at a sporting lodge of Lord Knocklofty's, called the Heaths; but our guide having misguided us, we have been thrown upon your hospitality, for a refreshment that was becoming very necessary indeed; and we have been equally delighted with all we have seen and

heard, for which, in the name of the party, I beg to offer our best thanks."

Circumstances occasion the immediate return of O'Brien to the abbey, and we have an impassioned and highly-wrought description of his interview with the superior. Displeased at the intrusion, she has desired him to withdraw.

"Madame O'Flaherty," replied Lord Arranmore, with a decision of manner as peremptory as her own, "for I find that the Sister Irene of the Bambin Gesù, the Nuccia of the Borghese, the Pilgrim of Proudfoot House, now chuses to assume the representation of the tender and unfortunate abbess who once reigned over these solitudes, and by a name consecrated in the superstitious reverence of the country—by the name of Beavoin O'Flaherty, to —"

"To what does all this verbiage lead?" interrupted the superior, half rising, in scornful impatience, from her seat. "The name I bear is mine, by every right that birth and inheritance can give. It was my father's name; and has descended to me, from the brave toparchs of this now neglected region, the last of whom is represented in my person; and now, my lord, this being said, I have only to reiterate my desire, that you will take your leave."

"Then," said Lord Arranmore, advancing a step within the room, and heedless of an order evidently less peremptorily announced than the first,—"then you are the daughter and heiress of Count O'Flaherty, from whom this small portion of his inheritance was won by my unfortunate father;—a victory which terminated in the utter ruin, alike of his fortune and his mind."

"His voice was full of emotion. He paused for a moment, and then added with rapidity, "You are not perhaps aware, madam, that the return made to my father was the seduction of his sister, one as lovely and as gifted as yourself, of one sacrificed on the altar of superstition, a victim to that system which you are here to revive."

"You would not make me answerable for my father's sins?" demanded the superior, now not unmoved by an emotion so infectious.

"No madam, but I would awaken some feeling for my father's wrongs."

"In what manner do you call on me to evince it?"

"By showing some sympathy for his son's misfortunes."

"You jest, Lord Arranmore," she replied, with a bitter smile. "The boon companion of the dissipated and the great, the *protégé* of a lady, whose power is absolute, whose will is law; the associate of the despots of the soil and the enemies of Ireland—what can you want from one who belongs to the persecuted and degraded caste? What sympathy can the member of a sect, which has been thrown beyond the pale of all sympathy, grant to the guest of the Earl of Knocklofty, to the *protégé* or his wife?"

"I am neither the guest of the one, nor the *protégé* of the other," he replied, trembling with angry emotion. "Chance has linked me for a moment with a party, which in prudence, perhaps, I should not have known; and which, from inclination, I should never have sought. The accident, however, which formed so unnatural a combination, has dissolved it; the link is severed, and for ever."

"Your resolve is, doubtless, taken on mature deliberation?" said the superior, giving peculiar signification to the question, by the tone and smile with which it was asked.

"The blood rushed to Lord Arranmore's face at the implied sarcasm; yet to blame was to be interested, and the conviction encouraged him. He had now, by an insidious progress, so far advanced into the room, as even to lean over the harp, supporting his head upon his hand, with eyes fixed earnestly on the extraordinary but beautiful countenance before him. After a silent and dangerous pause, he observed, with a faint smile,

"What are the deliberations of man, when a breath, a glance, a tone is sufficient to overturn the deepest and the wisest? Your words, madam, have effected all that reason should have done, but did not; and my resolve dates no farther back than your reproach."

"She waved her head expressively, not approvingly.

"Such," she said, "was the plea, and such the temperament of Count O'Flaherty, with whose faults you have but just reproached his child. Alas! with all his sins, he was but what you are."

"And what was that?" demanded Lord Arranmore, eagerly.

"An Irishman," was the cool reply.

"That, I trust, is not a disgrace?"

"There was a sort of ironical hesitation, an humorous play of feature, as the superior replied, "Why—a—perhaps not a disgrace; but it is sometimes almost a ridicule; and it is always a misfortune. With some it is a farce, with others a tragedy, according as the person, on whom so fatal a birth-right is inflicted, is an O'Mealy or an O'Brien. To be born an Irishman is a dark destiny at the best; the last that the wise would contend with, or the proud encounter. Here, indeed, as every where, mediocrity is safe; dulness is its own protection, and insensibility its own shield; but genius and feeling, the pride, the hope, the ambition of patriotism, the bitter indignation which spurns at oppression, the generous sympathy which ranges itself on the side of the oppressed,—if there are lands where such virtues thrive and flourish, and force forward the cause of human happiness, Ireland is not one of them. Here virtue is made to turn traitor to itself; and the same passions that rouse the patriot to any sacrifice, urge him into the snares of the profligate. Here the fortitude of long endurance corrupts into obsequiousness; and the spirit of the gallant maddens into lawless intemperance. Here genius is the object of suspicion to dull rulers, and of insult to petty underlings; and all that bends not, falls. Fly then, Lord Arranmore, for here none like you have ever lived and thriven. You start at advice so abruptly given, and from one who has so little right to advise; but I lay aside every personal consideration, to avail myself of this one, this only, but far from prudent, occasion, to warn you of your danger. Trust me, by remaining here, you will but mar the cause you hope to aid. Honest, but indiscreet, gifted with every talent, but that which is necessary to direct all, you will, as others have done, and (I say it in fearful prophecy, are destined still to do) fall a victim, without effecting the good for which you suffer. Nay, Lord Arranmore, you must hear me out; you have hunted the sybil to her cell, and now you must patiently listen to her gloomy oracles. Take the future upon the word of the past. Fly while you have yet the power; the world is all before you. Every where, talents such as yours will avail, save only at home! Whatever may be your vocation, the pathway of ambition is open to you. In France, your preceptor, the Bishop

O'Flaherty, has but to receive and make you known. In Italy, in Spain, your uncle, the Abate O'Brien, is still powerful; Russia wants officers of European intellect, to discipline her Tartar legions; and in Germany, the Prince de Ligne will do for his distinguished aid-de-camp all that influence can effect for talent in that land where influence is paramount. I do not direct your views to England; but I implore you to leave Ireland, where you cannot do good, but may cause evil. Means shall not be wanting to send you forth, as becomes your rank—means coming from a hand you have already said you would not reject,—the hand of your nearest living relation, which is now, for the first and for the last time, held out to you in the cordial amity of kindred."

"She paused; her countenance irradiated with the animated energy of her awakened spirit,—her colour deepened by the obvious emotion she had excited. Lord Arranmore seized the extended hand, and fell at her feet, while, wholly involved in the most powerful feelings, fascinated, bewildered, he pressed it to temples that throbbed with delirious pulsation, to lips that burned like living fire."

We have been indebted to this national tale for a large portion of delight, and to such of our readers as can enjoy vivid and striking pictures of manners, whether as characterizing the palace or the cabin,—scenes of the truest humour, and of the most overwhelming pathos,—accurate representations of struggling patriotism, fawning dependence, and unprincipled tyranny,—to such we can safely recommend 'the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys.'

Practical, Moral, and Political Economy.
By T. R. EDMUNDS, B. A. 8vo. London, 1827. E. Wilson.

(Concluded from p. 674.)

IN a former notice of Mr. Edmunds's *Economy*, our readers will remember, that while we spoke favourably of the work, taken altogether, we stated, that our hopes had not been in every point realized. Our judgment was then formed from a slight perusal of the work; we have, since that notice was written, had time more attentively to consider the theories and conclusions of its author, and while our opinion remains, generally, unchanged, yet we should, perhaps, now wish, in some degree, to qualify the expressions which we formerly used. It is true, there is much, very much, with which we entirely coincide, and which we conceive well deserves to be read by all who wish for an acquaintance with such subjects; but there are parts which we as decidedly disapprove, and which, unfortunately, concern the scope and end of the treatise. With Mr. E. the principle of 'gregariousness' is the all and in all; he is so thoroughly wedded to the system, that he diligently pursues it through all its windings, sets forth its advantages in a strong light, and will not even allow a man to be a Christian who does not think alike with him on this, his delightful subject. Now, letting alone this seeming want of charity, for it is possible, by some accident, Mr. E. expresses himself in stronger terms than, on mature reflection, he would himself justify or approve, we are disposed to doubt the practicability or real usefulness of his system, and have disapproved of all those parts of his book which are especially connected with it.

It is one thing to form a theory, and another to bring that theory into actual operation, or for a considerable period and on a large scale. What may appear very specious and consistent, and beneficial, to a speculating and philosophical mind, in the calm retirement of the study, may not be possible to be brought into operation, so as to be permanently serviceable to a country. And of all theories, we should reject that of Mr. Edmunds', as being both contrary to nature and the divine will, even could it be acted on to any extent. We cannot extract so much as would fairly explain our author's meaning, but a few sentences unfolding his views as to marriage, propagation, &c. will give our readers as much insight into them as they may desire.

In order to prevent the increase of pauperism, and keep population on a level with necessities, Mr. E. recommends 'a tax on propagation, or a tax on the marriages both of masters and labourers,' which 'should increase with the proportion of paupers; a month's income of every marrying man might be a good tax to begin with.'—'A certain limited number of births will be required annually.'—'The education of children will be chiefly committed to nature. Children will be suffered to rule and govern themselves by a representative assembly, formed in the same way as the grown people's government.' There may be truth in the following extract, but the author's thoughts are strangely expressed.

'The breed of men, like that of all other animals, is of indefinite improvement, in mind as well as in body. The bodies of a coming generation may be rendered superior in health, strength, and activity, to the bodies of a present generation, by selecting for the purposes of propagation the individuals of both sexes possessing the most healthy, vigorous, and active bodies, and not suffering weak and diseased people to transmit their diseases and miseries to posterity. In a similar manner, the minds of a people may be improved by selecting for propagation those people who excel in the more useful qualities of mind, as justice, judgment, imagination, benevolence, &c.; and not permitting idiots or madmen, or people approaching to such, to propagate. The breed of men, like that of other animals, may be improved, not only by confining propagation to the best varieties of the species, but it may also be improved by the diligent and attentive culture of the mind and bodies of individuals taken indiscriminately. If the body of a child, or other young animal, be carefully exercised until it arrives at maturity, it will be capable of producing much better bodies, as offspring, than it would if imprudently managed. The same is true of minds; a set of indifferent minds may, in a few generations, be converted into good powerful minds. A wise people will improve their bodies and minds, by the application of both of these laws of nature. The former law of nature may be very safely acted upon, for a population may be preserved stationary by means of the propagation of one half only of the females born, provided they begin to propagate at the age of puberty.'

But enough; in the midst of the twaddle which is to be found in Mr. E.'s volume, there is not a little, as we have already said, of valuable remark; and it is for this we re-

commend it. In a future edition, we would suggest to the author the necessity of attending more to the correctness of the press; not only are words mis-spelled, but transpositions occur which occasionally derange the sense.

Boyle Farm: a Poem. pp. 47. Bull. 1827.

On Saturday, November 3, this poem appeared in the pages of *The Literary Gazette*, prefaced with the following notice:—

'B—f F—m, or Boyle Farm, was famous in the annals of last fashionable season, for a fête given there by some five persons of the highest ton. The supreme pleasures to be enjoyed on such occasions can only be surmised by those who undergo the operation of attending them,—can only be guessed at by the cruel envy and disappointment of those who happen not to be of the elect. Preferring, as we do, the quiet of the study, we can yet imagine that others may be highly gratified by the exhibition of their persons in gala dresses, and by the fatigues of a crowded rout or *fête champêtre*. At all events, the entertainment of Boyle Farm has inspired an elegant laureate to sing its praise; and as the poem (ascribed to Lord Francis Gower) has been kept very closely, we trust our readers in general will not be displeased with us for printing it, as we are sure the Porcelain classes will be most grateful to us for giving them what they have so anxiously sought to behold.

'How we came to be possessed of so secret and sacred a composition, we are bound, but at the same time embarrassed, to explain. Suffice it to say, without betraying confidence in an ungallant manner, that the rarity of the poem having caused it to be an object of much fashionable solicitude, the charming Lady ***** copied it entirely into her own fair characters, and with a kindness, (to be duly and gratefully remembered) did us the favour to bestow it upon the *Literary Gazette*.'

On the same day it also appeared in the form of a small volume, published by Mr. Bull, the notice, just quoted, being appended with the following few preliminary words:—'The following statement is from *The Literary Gazette*, in which this interesting poem originally appeared.' In the course of the following week, one of the daily prints presented the following paragraph:—'We are authorized to state, that an injunction has not been obtained from the Court of Chancery, to suppress the edition of *Boyle Farm*, by Lord F—G—r, published by Mr. Bull, although application to the court has been made for that purpose. Copies of this interesting work, &c. We shall make no further remarks on the disingenuousness of all this 'much ado about nothing,' than merely to observe, that our readers will of course take the latter statement for what it really is—a coarse puff, and to warn Mr. Bull, who, we believe, is new to the publishing craft, against such paltry attempts at notoriety, which must, ultimately, be injurious to his credit or success.

The poem itself may be characterized as an agreeable trifle, smoothly versified, and not at all deficient in vivacity. It is a better poem than a thousand such occasions would be likely to create again, and we do not doubt that, to those personally concerned, it is one of much interest, as, indeed, it would have

been, had it not possessed one-tenth of its actual merit. Whether it be really the production of Lord Francis Gower, we do not venture to express an opinion. It is not a matter of much consequence. His lordship's good fame in the lists of literature will neither suffer diminution by the loss of the paternity, nor acquire much increase by its confirmation.

Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Works, including Original Poetry. By THOMAS LYLE. 8vo. London, 1827. Relfe.

THIS volume contains a great number of very curious, and many beautiful specimens of the lighter species of the literature of our forefathers, and is creditable to the industry and zeal of the editor. More praise, we fear, we can scarcely afford him, although when we first opened the volume, and found that he claimed the authorship of the really beautiful song of Kelvin Grove, we expected him also to advance a title to approbation of a much higher character. As Mr. Lyle appears to cherish a sincere affection for poetical pursuits, it is with real regret that we find ourselves forced to declare his efforts as an author very unproductive of 'sterling stuff.' One or two of his poems may certainly be spared this general censure, but we have been able to find nothing which, without other information, would have induced us to suppose him the author of Kelvin Grove. The preface, too, and the several little notes scattered through the volume, are written in a very sorry style: obsolete and uncommon words, and a very unnatural construction, characterize the whole. Of course this does not lessen the merit of the selections, which comprise three fourths of the work, and are valuable and interesting. Nothing can be more charming than the following poem by the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh:—

'Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be.

'Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be.

'Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be.

'No, she must be perfect snow
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by chance hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.'

Among the poems contained in the first scction, we find two pieces extracted from An Houre's Recreation in Musicke, by Rich. Alison, published in 1606; one of which is entitled, There is a Garden in her Face, and appears to have been the original of Herick's celebrated Cherry Ripe. On this account we consider it worthy of quotation:—

- There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.
- Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.
- Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand;
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

We might, perhaps, have found a more beautiful specimen for quotation, but not one at the same time so beautiful and so little known as Sir Robert Ayton's Woman's Inconstancy, which must conclude our extracts:

- I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
- Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine;
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain!
- When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will;
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still:
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.
- Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—
Thy choice, of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging at a beggar's door.

“The author of the above sonnet, Sir Robert Ayton, in 1606,” says Pinkerton, “wrote some Latin poems in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, and some light genteel pieces in English, two of which are published in *Select Scottish Ballads*, vol. 1. One or two more may be found in a collection of *Scottish Poems*, by Watson the printer, published, according to Alexander Campbell, editor of *Albyn's Anthology*, in 1706–9–11–12. Ayton was private secretary to Queen Anne of Denmark, wife of James the Sixth; he is little known as a poet, but the present specimen must induce a regret that he

had not written more: it rivals even the sonnets of Drummond in elegance of fancy and harmony of versification.”

Observations on Lithotomy, and on the Formation of Urinary Calculi. By JOHN CHARLES LICHFIELD, Surgeon, F. L. S. &c. Underwoods. 8vo.

WE are always disposed to give credit to an author, when he puts forth a production for the purpose of instructing youth in any branch of science, more especially the juniors of the medical profession. Here we have a pamphlet comprising forty-eight pages, and really thought, when we sat down to peruse it, to have something new to offer our readers on the cause and treatment of so dreadful a malady as stone in the bladder. We confess ourselves much disappointed; for, with one or two exceptions, half the work (from page 24 to 48) is copied almost verbatim from Sir Astley Cooper's Lectures, published by Mr. Tyrrell, without any acknowledgment of the piracy; and even the cases illustrative of the disease in question, are inserted as they were uttered by the worthy baronet in the theatre of St. Thomas's Hospital three or four years ago. Now, this is really too bad; yet, to give the author his due, the symptoms are most correctly described; and we call the reader's attention to the note opposite to the first page, wherein he informs us that the arteries may take a different course from the one they generally pursue, and in the performance of the lateral operation, the principal artery (the pudic) may be injured, hemorrhage ensue, and the patient lose his life. Thus it will appear, that there is an uncertainty as to the course of this artery; and if a patient loses his life from hemorrhage, the surgeon is not accountable for the accident; yet when this unfortunately happens, he is frequently blamed by his professional brethren, and sometimes his reputation is injured.

The author, instead of informing his readers of the various kinds of calculi which afflict the bladder, offers some observations on their formation, jumbled together without any proofs to substantiate them, and most unluckily, at page sixteen, gives the following quotation from Dr. Watts:—“No man can become truly knowing and wise without the labour of his own reason in surveying, examining, and judging concerning all subjects, upon the best evidence he can acquire.”

We only wish Mr. Lichfield had adhered to this aphorism, and noticed the principal source from whence all the substance of his work is obtained: it would have been more creditable to him as an author, and more liberal from one medical man to another. In conclusion, we recommend him, if he writes any more, to remember the motto of the immortal Nelson—*Pulmam qui meruit ferat*.

Parliamentary Papers and Abstracts; containing Entire, or in Substance, all important Documents laid before the two Houses of Parliament during the Session of 1826–7. London, 1827. Baldwin.

THIS volume, which is published in its present form for the accommodation of persons who do not require the whole work, is an

important though separate portion of the ‘*Parliamentary History and Review*,’ which commenced its career at the close of the session of 1825. By this publication a deficiency was supplied which had been long regretted; and so supplied, we have reason to believe, as to give satisfaction to all parties. As the title implies, it not only presents an accurate annual record of parliamentary proceedings, but also an impartial and critical examination, ‘as well of the measures discussed, as of the arguments adduced on both sides of the question, and of the conduct of Parliament with reference to the matter in hand.’

When it is recollected that the papers annually presented to both Houses in the shape of reports of committees, minutes of evidence received by them, and returns made by official authority, form yearly almost fifty folio volumes, which are printed solely for the use of members, little need be said in recommendation of a volume in which the substance of every paper possessing general interest, and all the more important reports of committees, have been carefully condensed. —These documents, which circumstances have hitherto rendered inaccessible, are now placed within the reach of the merchant, the manufacturer, the lawyer, the statesman, the man of letters,—of all, in short, whose interests or inclinations make it necessary that they should inquire minutely into the conduct of the great council of the nation.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER FROM

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY, ESQ.

*Returns from a long Journey—Young Travel-
lers and old ones—Bankrupts in England—
Their impudence—Way to remove the stain
of their conduct, &c.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—After various wanderings in search of health, which, like Yorick, I pursued some time in France, and since then in Devonshire and Wales, both by land and water, I am at length returned ‘in the gloomy month of November,’ to that dear scene which I feel to be a ‘pleasant home,’ despite of fogs and coal fires, dirty streets and yellow light.

I have frequently observed, that when a young traveller returns from absences of this nature, he is generally much disgusted (not only affectedly, but actually) with the disagreeables presented by his own place of residence. He is surprised to find the scene he once could dwell in with pleasure, so devoid of all the attractions which his journeys have taught him to consider indispensable—the sunshine of Italy, the gaiety of France, the buildings which struck him in one place, the wine he drank in another, cannot now be had; and he would be absolutely lost for want of them, had he not the power of railing at all around him, and extolling all he has left behind. He forgot that the excellence of that which was excellent in his eyes, owed much more to its excitement as a novelty, than even to its intrinsic worth, and that the same happy buoyancy of spirits, which it is the gift of motion and changing air to pro-

duce, kept all that was unpleasant in the back ground. For this reason, I always bear with great temper, what are called 'the airs' of young travellers. I know that the time will come, when the simple circumstance of returning home to old objects will form, itself, the crowning pleasure of a journey. Sitting down in one's own great chair, putting one's feet on their own hearth rug, hearing the urn hiss as it used to do when promising a cup of good tea, whilst the old tabby cat springs on your lap and purrs a welcome, have each a separate little charm, which combine to produce a sense of self-gratulation, 'a sober certainty of bliss,' by no means unimportant in a man's history, although only secondary to those more vivid and delightful emotions which are playing round the heart and springing to the eyes, when a beloved daughter is sweetening your cup exactly as she used to do, and the fingers of a tender wife can still play with the gray locks of your forehead, and as their trembling pressure smooths the wrinkles, thank God you are so well.

The first thing that struck me was the number and beauty of your little annuals, which well deserve the name appropriated by one, of a Winter's Wreath, for they form certainly an intellectual banquet of wonderful attraction, so far as I have seen; but I have only three before me, being the first arrivals. My son has also brought me three other volumes, by Neele the poet, with which I expect to be highly gratified. There are, also, some fine prints which they have provided for me. My dear Lane has been busy again, (I have much of a parent's pride in that boy) and, oh! there is a great deal, my friend, worth coming home for, even in dismal-looking London.

But there are also some things bitterly to be lamented amongst us; things that make an honest Englishman's cheek tingle with its own burning, when he hears, in another country, the comments that naturally arise, from either the simple or the well-informed part of its inhabitants, when they speak of our speculations, our failures, the open unblushing profligacy of our bankrupts, and the apparent deficiency of a code of laws, so very severe on the petty depredator, and so evidently liberal to the systematic robber. It is in vain you tell them, 'that the laws are made with consummate wisdom, combining (as they certainly do) the utmost regard to the rights of justice and the feelings of humanity.' 'How can this be possible?' is the answer, 'when we see men who profess to have given up their *all*, never relaxing in their expenses, and launching anew into business requiring immense capitals; looking down with contempt on little tradesmen, and personally treating the creditors, whom they have beggared, with supercilious disdain. Your bankrupts act as if they were men guaranteed by the laws of the nation, and could set all other laws at defiance; let those they injure creep through existence in poverty and obscurity, be it theirs to *soar* far above the heads of low people, who have only honesty, industry, and ingenuity to recommend them. When an English tradesman has ruined all

those who confided in him, by regular fraud, and swindled others by false pretences, he either retires a few weeks to a handsome lodging and luxurious table, or gets a *friend* to make him a bankrupt, after which he steps back into his usual habits, his accustomed pursuits; is to-day taking his airing, to-morrow receiving a party, where his lady presides in the dress of a princess; his footman pours out champagne like water, and his guests protest his entertainments grow better than 'before his misfortunes.'

What can we say to these assertions? there is no denying the existence of such facts, and it is certain no other country in Europe exhibits such a total deficiency of moral sensibility in this respect as ourselves. Even in America, where the pride of show runs very high, and a sense of pecuniary obligation very low, we do not meet with any ruined men so unblushingly callous to the misery they inflict as our own. Of all the curious advertisements, which are from time to time extracted from their newspapers by ours, we never yet met with one which said in effect, 'I am very poor, for I cannot live on less than a thousand a-year; I lay my accounts before you to prove the fact, and desire you will pay my debts. I have the greater claim on you, because I am determined neither to profit by experience, nor conform to circumstances, like meaner spirits, and therefore subscribe for me immediately.'

Formerly a man so situated was one who, (even when conscious that he had been reduced by circumstances he could not foresee or prevent,) knowing that he had greatly injured many, besides being poor himself, sought an obscure situation, suited to the change he had experienced; his gait was sober, his dress plain; 'he went softly as one that mourned for his mother,' and without sinking into unmanly despondency, he yet showed that he was a mourner. In other cases, when even great improprieties had been committed and doubts of his honesty were entertained, the ruined man 'assumed a virtue if he had it not;' he suffered a couple of years, at least, to pass before he outraged decency, by a display of the money he had secreted, the gay clothes and plate he had obtained from tradesmen on the eve of bankruptcy; he allowed his fraudulent savings to re-appear in a natural way, as the consequence of industry or the boon of pity; he did not blazon them in the face of society and say, 'Look how I cheated you!' He proved that 'hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue,' and in his homage there was merit, and to this spurious good we must reduce those who outrage us by their united boldness and depredation, or we shall find our commercial laurels tarnished in the eyes of all nations.

Since it is by the laws of fashion that a thousand things are governed which no other law can reach, I have learnt, with great satisfaction, that the most extensive of all our clubs (the United Service) has made it impossible for a man, who has taken the benefit of the act to become one of that body. There must be a line of demarcation, or good and evil will be utterly confounded, and we shall *liberalize* till a *friend*, setting out to Botany

Bay, will be as common an occurrence as one going to Margate. Might it not be advisable to prescribe certain restrictions, beyond which good society should not venture to pass, and infringing which, all persons must submit to be sent to Coventry? I would propose—

1. No man absolutely without property shall venture to run beyond £10,000 into debt.

2. A man with only £1000 shall not venture to incur more than £30,000 debt.

3. A man, conscious that he is ruined, and has nothing wherewith to pay his creditors, shall not continue to live upon them for more than two years at farthest.

4. A man who pays only one shilling and sixpence in the pound, shall not give dinners, nor keep livery servants, nor boast of his property for at least three years after his bankruptcy.

5. All persons who share his table, knowing that they are thereby partaking the fruits of his fraud, or by their countenance aiding him in new designs, shall themselves be sent to Coventry three months, as a species of moral quarantine to secure honest persons from the infection of their example.

6. Every honest man really brought to poverty by misfortune, and struggling for maintenance by industry, shall, even if he has not a coat to his back, be pointedly set above the impudent dandies in question, on pain of the person neglecting such distinction being ranked with the villainous beau, and held in the light of uncondemned criminals.

Surely some such laws might and ought to be acted upon in these cases, for it is utterly past bearing that the worst of all robbers should not only wrong us, but exult in the wrong. The highwayman has courage, the pickpocket has skill, but, as the world is now constituted, a wretch without the spirit of the former, or the wit of the latter, may every day make encroachments on the property of his fellow creatures far beyond theirs, without becoming in any other way amenable to punishment. That one man's wife may wear silk, another man's wife is denied bare clothing; that a daring voluptuary may quaff claret, an industrious artisan must be deprived of beer; and whilst he lays his aching head on a sleepless pillow the scoundrel who condemned him to it, shall open his splendid drawing rooms, and call the world to witness the success of his villainy.

I sometimes think if a few honest men would raise a subscription to defray the cost of a trial or two for libel, it would be a good thing, as the exhibition of a few names might have an effect upon others, and stay them on their road to infamy, for it is certain few men are capable of meeting it, though many are of meriting it. I wish some of your respectable readers would think on the subject, and consider what is best to be done. I am, &c.

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Chance having thrown in my way the Edinburgh Saturday Post of Nov. 3d, a paper of some literary pretensions, I was struck with a somewhat eulogistic, but ap-

parently discriminative notice of the current number of Blackwood's Magazine. Turning, in consequence, to the magazine itself for the article which had chiefly excited the applause I have alluded to, I found the 'Preface to a Review of the Chronicles of the Canongate' to be one of those singular combinations of meanness and magnificence—of paltry conceit and consummate power, which *Kit North*, better than any writer of the day, understands the art of concocting, and which have given such a mongrel celebrity to his magazine. In this article it is asserted that the race of reviewers is annihilated, and that Blackwood's Magazine has been the prime agent in this astounding event! Having apprized us of the utter destruction of these periodicals, he obligingly proceeds to describe the characters and professions of their principal contributors; thus, in a truly Christian spirit, not refusing an epitaph and a monumental slab to the victims he has inhumed. He assures us (and who dare question the authority of the literary autocrat of modern Athens?) that they were schoolmasters, who, in small villages, could not support themselves entirely on their own bottoms,—ushers in metropolitan academies, whose annual salary rarely exceeded twenty pounds,—third-rate actors of the Surrey or Adelphi,—a player on the hautboy in some orchestra or other,—Unitarian preachers,—unfortunate men of talent in the King's Bench,—precocious boys in Christ's Hospital, &c. All this, you will say, only adds another proof to accumulated hundreds, how coolly, and with what circumstantiality, *old Ebony* can erect his fabric of misrepresentation. But what would be the feelings of this sable gentleman, if you, in a preface to a review of Neele's *Romance of History*, should assert that *The Literary Chronicle* had destroyed and consigned to utter and eternal oblivion Blackwood's Magazine, following up an account of its death with a description of the gentlemen who supported it whilst living? Suppose you were to say that its principal contributor was remarkable as one of the most egregious dandies that was ever 'trotted out' in the drawing rooms of second-rate people of fashion,—that another had figured in several of our London police offices as a seducer of the daughters of respectable tradesmen, and a confirmed midnight brawler,—that a third was a gentleman connected with *The Times* newspaper, who, God help him! has never been able to shine elsewhere,—and that a fourth was originally a shepherd, and is now a good poet, a bad romance writer, and, like all the others, a bestial devotee of whiskey and tobacco?—Of course, you would be very far from the truth; but at all events not a bit farther than *Maga*, when she asserts that she has eaten up the reviews, and that her capacious justice 'had stomach for them all!' But really, Mr. Editor, the egotism, the conceit, and the calculating grossness of Blackwood, have long settled its pretensions to set up as a critic of its contemporaries; and it is therefore useless to waste time in exposing an article in which those qualities are put forth, not in greater quantity, but with rather more ostentation than is usual. Q.

THE GARDEN OF SILENCE, IN THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

EVENING was dying, but it would not die;
Beams of the lingering sun, still shining on,
Languid and lulling as love's parting glance,
Shed light upon the beauty of the scene,—
For all was beautiful, though all was still;
Even the breeze had fainted, and the leaves
Lay on the air in placid sleek repose,
Smooth as a silken eyelash when asleep!
Without a ripple, smiling rivers flowed,
Winding so gently as to seem one sheet
Of still and polished crystal; and upon
The emerald carpet of the dewless turf,
Couches of rest invited, that appeared
Pearl to the sight, but satin to the touch.
From verdant slopes in ambient decline,
Came foamless waters gradually down,
Stealing without a murmur, soft and slow,
As tears down beauty's cheek, but pure and
bright
As virtue's smiles—meandering o'er stones
Worn white as ivory by their kiss, until
The vales beneath shone surfaced with their flow
In streaks of liquid silver, whilst from out
Founts, in which angels might have bathed
their lips,
Gushed falls of fragrant fluid, sparkling so,
And gliding down so mutely, that they seemed
More like the melting of those lucent gems
Of which their base was modelled, than the rich
Effusion of its waters.

Here and there,
Mid groves of cypresses and olive trees,
The rose and lily were together twined,
Like lovers in each others arms, as if
Beneath the shade they had embraced to die.
The sun-flower gazing on his god so long,
Drooped down his head abashed, and gazed no
more;
The primrose, that at eve expands its leaf,
Was loth to waken, and remained unopened;
All—all was motionless, the trees, the flowers,
In deep serenity of sleep, but yet
So delicately, sensitively tranced,
A fairy's tongue had almost feared to speak,
Lest it should shake the foliage from their
boughs,
Or breathe the blossoms from their stems; a
hymn,
A kiss from holy lips—the Muezzin's strain
From Mecca's wall—the sigh of penitence—
The nightingale's sweet note—the lute's soft
sound—
A syren's warbling—e'en the voice of love
Had been untimely in that slumbering hour!
SFORZA.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

SIR,—There is nothing, in my opinion, which men more affect to despise and yet so universally obey, as prejudice. I cannot credit a man when I hear him say that he is free from it; it is inherent in our nature, and circumstances and education generally strengthen it. I am one of those who (to the best of my knowledge) have but one, and that is in favour of old customs. I know that many of them must appear very stupid in this enlightened age, since, thanks to *liberal* institutions, and *knowledge*-propagating societies, the eating of hot-cross buns has been declared to savour of popery, and the observance of the fifth of November has been censured as tending to keep alive the persecuting spirit of religious animosity. Now, Sir, no one can wish more sincerely than myself, to see man-

kind united in the bonds of brotherly affection, and one spirit of universal toleration pervade the world, in creed and council, in public good will and private charities: and did I think that the observance of this great historical event tended to sow discord between my neighbour and me, I would never, much as I reverence old customs, light touch-paper on this anniversary again. It is denounced as endeavouring to bring into ridicule the head of an established religion, and by that means to cast a slur upon the whole body of it. But really this argument is too absurd! Imagine his holiness brought into ridicule by such doggrel as this,—

A penny loaf to feed the pope,
A ha'p'orth o'cheese to choke him,
A pot of beer to make him drunk,
And a good tar-barrel to burn him!

Fancy his holiness, after devouring a penny loaf, turning black in the face with a ha'p'orth of single-gloster in his larynx, getting most gloriously bosky with a pot of Meux's entire, and bawling and dancing in the halls of the Vatican with his mitre in one hand, a bright pewter in the other! Really it's too foolish to dwell upon! Beside, Sir, if these political observances tend to such mischief let us sweep the whole list of them from the calendar.—There are many who are inclined to consider the decollation of one of our sovereigns rather as a just punishment, than as constituting a claim to martyrdom, and there is a great part of our population who deem the *glorious* revolution of 1688, as a most unjustifiable usurpation. Be this as it may, I, 'with the boys, can see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot.' Besides, if that plot had succeeded, we might have been, as a Catholic people, celebrating on this very day the explosion of the Scottish Solomon, instead of the detection of his intended executioner.

As for the malice prepense in this celebration, I am convinced there is none. The lower orders *know* nothing more of Guy, than that he was the man who intended 'to blow up the parliament house alive,' and the better informed *think* nothing at all about it. A circumstance that occurred this very last fifth, bears me out. An old friend of mine was persuaded by some canting liberal, that the observance of this occurrence was unjustifiable, on the grounds which I have stated in limine. For years past we had been in the habit of celebrating this day together. We had the same *prejudices* about old customs. We used to eat our beef and pudding together on Christmas-day. We used to stick up a clothes-prop with a bunch of flowers at top of it, as an apology for a May-pole,—nay, once I believe we actually wrote valentines to each other, merely to keep up the custom. Well, this canter aforesaid had convinced him that *Guy-fauring* was unkind and uncharitable (poor Tom, he's the best hearted fellow in the world!) and he flatly refused to have any hand in it at all. But he could not help coming, according to custom, just (as he said) to smoke his cigar and take a glass of grog; but not a step would he stir from the fire, and entreaty was thrown away. I was beginning to think it useless to per-

suade, when a thought struck me—I went out, lighted the touch-paper of a squib, and walked quietly into the room with it behind my back—presently, whiz it went, and I gave him the full benefit of it. It was irresistible—out Tom bolted, and in half a minute the cook's gown was burnt to a tinder, and the back of the lap-dog as bare of hair as a cobbler's lapstone. As for the Pope and Guy, he thought no more of them than if they had never existed. What an act of down right cruelty would it be, too, to deprive the children of their holiday and fun, on the absurd plea of discouraging party feeling! In these days the amusements of the poor are circumscribed enough, God knows! The lower orders must and shall be moral, while vice hangs in dauntless effrontery on the arm of wealth and power! Fairs are put down, but the saloon flourishes! Unlicensed hops are misdemeanors—while licentiousness stalks unblushing and unabashed at the masquerade (oh sad misnomer!) where, in these pious days, she scorns even the specious modesty of a mask!

The poor labourer, if he be found intoxicated, is punished for an offence against decency—while the titled bully, heated with high-spiced dainties, and maddened with champagne, revels unpunished in his noisy debauchery, and hears canting magistrates making allowances for the spirits of youth! Away with this folly and injustice! Let the poor man enjoy himself as well as the rich, and make not, what is a crime in one, only a venial error in the other! Our national customs are going quite fast enough into disuse; and I fear that the time will come when beef will hardly be thought of at Christmas. To this innovation I, for one, will never subscribe; and on Christmas-day I will have beef, if it can be got for love or money; and something to perpetuate the memory of the fifth of November, if it be only a halfpenny squib.

SONG.

THE flowers of life too quickly blown,
As quickly lose their breath—their hue;
And when the heart's young flowers are gone,
What spring can bid them bloom anew?
Hope shows, indeed, a prospect fair,
And lures with so sweet a song,
That, spite of Reason's stern 'beware,'
With her light train we rush along!
In vain the fairy prospect flies
That late before our fancy shone;
Still greener fields and richer skies,
In distant beauty, tempt us on.
The fleeting phantom fades at length,
Leaving the lonely heart to mourn
O'er vanished bliss and faded strength,
And days that never can return.
Yet such was Hope's enchanting power;
So strong the magic spell she twined,
That even in Reason's calmest hour
'Twill sometimes steal upon the mind.
Sophia! with thy every tone
These dreams again come rushing o'er me,
And scenes of happiness, long flown,
Again spread out their joys before me!
Yet if, like hope, you but awaken
Pleasures that only bloom to die,
And leave the soul thou hast forsaken
To cold and joyless apathy,
Oh! better had it been to sleep

In dark—in dark oblivion of the past,
Then wake again—again to weep
O'er bliss too heavenly sweet to last.
July, 1827.

D. B. D.

UNPUBLISHED
LETTERS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Continued from page 700.)

No. VI.

General Quarters, Tortona, 27, eight in the evening, 4th year of the Republic.

MY FRIEND,—I am in despair; my wife, all that is dearest to me in life, is ill. I am distracted. The most frightful forebodings agitate my soul. I conjure thee to send me word what ails her, and how she now is. I entreat thee, by the tender ties of blood and friendship which united us in our boyhood, to show her every care and attention; do for her what I should be so happy to have it in my power to do myself. Thou canst not have my feelings towards her, but thou alone canst replace me. Thou art the only man upon earth with whom I ever formed a true and lasting friendship. Next to her, next to my Josephine, thou art the only being capable of inspiring me with any interest. Set my mind at ease; tell me the exact truth; thou knowest how ardent my feelings are; thou knowest that I have never loved before; that Josephine is the first woman I have adored: her illness makes me wretched. Every one forsakes me: nobody writes to me. If she is better, if she is able to travel, I earnestly wish her to come to me. I want to see her, to press her to my heart. I love her to distraction, and can no longer live without her. If she were no longer to love me, I should have nothing left worth living for. Ah, my friend, I commit my fate to you; manage so that my courier shall remain but six hours in Paris, and let his return restore me to life.

Tell my Josephine, that if she wishes to purchase a country residence, as we had agreed to do between us, that I will advance 30,000 livres, and she shall give the same. I will take this sum from the 40,000 that remain of my private property.

BONAPARTE.

Au Citoyen Joseph Bonaparte, à Paris.

General Quarters, Tortona, 26th, midnight, 4th year of the Republic.

EVER since the 18th, my dear Josephine, I have been waiting and expecting thy arrival at Milan. I had scarcely quitted the field of battle at Boghetto, when I flew thither to meet thee—and found thee not! A few days afterwards a courier informed me that thou hadst not set out, and yet he brought me no letter from thee; my heart was bursting with grief,—I believed myself abandoned by all that was interesting to me upon earth. I never felt any thing lightly. Overwhelmed with sorrow, I perhaps wrote to thee too strongly. If my letters have afflicted thee, I am inconsolable for life!—The Tessin having overflowed its banks, I repaired to Tortona to wait for thee there. Every day I went three leagues to meet thee, but all in vain. At length, at four o'clock, whilst still waiting there in expectation of thy arrival, I received the letter which informed me that thou wert not coming. I will not attempt to describe my serious alarm, when I learnt, the

moment after, that thou wert ill and hadst three physicians attending thee. Thou must indeed have been in danger, since thou couldst not write to me. I have remained ever since in a state which cannot be described; no one can form an idea of it, without having my feelings, and loving as I love thee! I did not suppose it possible to undergo similar vexations, anxieties, and terrible torments. I thought that grief had its limits and boundaries, but mine is boundless; a burning fever is in all my veins, but despair has possession of my heart. Thou art suffering, and I am far from thee. Alas! perhaps thou hast already ceased to exist!! Life is very despicable; but my weak reason makes me fear that I may not meet thee again after death, and I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of never seeing thee more.

The day on which I shall learn that Josephine is dead, will be the last of my own life. No duty, no tie shall bind me to this world. Mankind are so contemptible! Thou alone madest me forget the degradations of human nature.

I am the prey of every passion, the sport of every afflicting presentiment; nothing diverts me from my mournful solitude, nor from the serpents that are tearing my very soul. In the first place, I stand in need of thy pardon, for the mad ridiculous letters which I have sent thee; if thou readest them at all attentively thou must have been convinced that I was led astray by my ardent love for thee. My dearest love, I want to be fully convinced that thou art out of danger. Neglect nothing for the good of thy health; sacrifice every thing to thy comfort and repose. Thou art delicate, weak, and ill; the season is hot, the journey long. On my knees I beg of thee not to expose a life so precious. Three months will soon pass away—Still Three months before we are to meet! Ah, my love, I tremble, I no longer dare to think of the future; every thing appears horrible; and I am without that hope which alone could re-assure me. I do not believe in the immortality of the soul. If thou diest, I, too, shall soon die, but it will be the death of despair—of annihilation.

Murat tries to persuade me that your illness is but slight; but thou dost not write to me: it is a month since I received any letters from thee. Thou art tender and considerate, and thou lovest me.—Madman that I am, thou art contending with sickness and physicians, far from him who would snatch thee from illness, and even from the arms of death itself. If you still continue ill, try to obtain permission for me to visit thee, if only for one hour. In five days I will reach Paris, and on the 12th, I will be with my army again; without thee, I can no longer be of any use here. Let who will be enamoured of glory; let who will serve their country; my soul is paralyzed in this exile, and when my sweet love is ill and suffering, it is impossible for me to make cool calculations of victory. I know not what expressions to make use of, nor what line of conduct to pursue. A hundred times I am tempted to set out post for Paris, but honour, to which thou art so alive, restrains

me, in spite of my feelings. For pity's sake, get some one to write to me; let me know the nature of thy illness, and what there is to fear. Our lot is a very grievous one; scarcely married, scarcely united, and already compelled to be separated. Thy portrait is washed by my tears; that alone does not abandon me. My brother does not write to me. Ah, he is doubtless afraid to communicate what he knows would tear my heart to pieces. Adieu, my beloved, how cruel is life, and how horrible are the ills it compels us to suffer. Accept a million of kisses, and believe that nothing can equal my love, which will last as long as my life. Think of me—write to me twice a day; snatch me quickly from the misery which is consuming me. Come to me, come quickly, but be careful of thy health.

BONAPARTE.

*A la Citoyenne Bonaparte,
Rue Chancery, No. 6, à Paris.*

NOTE.—The remainder of these curious Letters will be given in an early number.—The Literary Chronicle will then be the only English journal which will have published them complete.

TO E. C. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

To thee, on this thy natal day,
An ever-hallowed time,
The tribute of my heart I pay
In this unstudied rhyme;
Not that I deem my strain hath power
To paint thee as thou art,—
Spirit of many a raptured hour,
Sole mistress of my heart!

But days there are when feeling wakes
From silence cherished long,
And never fitter form she takes
Than that she wears in song;
Days such as this, when thought assumes
A brighter, fonder glow,
And fancy, with fresh radiance, blooms,
And tears forget to flow.

Slowly a bitter year hath past,
By sickness clouded o'er,—
But thou, sweet flower! hast borne the blast,
And shalt not feel it more!
But hold it in thy memory
To sweeten future years;
For never brighter smiles we see
Than those that follow tears. W. H. Y.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by CAPTAIN BATTY. No. 5. Jennings, Poultry.

THE fifth number of this valuable and interesting work fully maintains the character acquired by its predecessors. The subjects are Don Kirche Lubeck, engraved by W. R. Smith; the Oker Thal, Hartz, by E. Goodall; Quedlenburg, by R. Wallis; Chateau of the Prince of Waldeck, by R. Brandard; and the Castle of Hardenburg, by J. C. Varrall. Goodall's plate is executed in a very able manner, and affords an excellent idea of the gloomy aspect of the Hartz mountain, the scene of so many of the German tales of wonder. Wallis has done his best to give interest to a scene which possesses nothing very striking. Varrall's print is the most agreeable of the set; it has a freshness and a beauty of its own, which is only found along

the romantic borders of the Rhine. The wood-cuts possess considerable merit.

Old London Bridge, painted by TURNER, R. A. engraved by GOODALL. Moon and Co.

THIS celebrated structure, which has outlived so many ages, and which will shortly be replaced by one of far greater magnificence, has formed an interesting subject for the pencil of Mr. Turner, and the burin of Mr. Goodall. The engraving will, in the course of time, become exceedingly rare and valuable, from the circumstance of its being the only good print of a time-honoured and useful friend.

A Showman, with Dancing Monkeys and Dogs, painted by LANDSEER, A. R. A., engraved by J. C. ZEITZER. Bullock.

MR. LANDSEER has here had one of his favourite subjects, and he has found an able copyist in Mr. Zeitzer, to whose etching of animals we have heretofore had occasion to allude in terms of high praise. The print from this picture is very pleasing and well executed.

Portrait of Miss Kelly, painted by WAGEMAN, engraved by WOOLNOUTH. Bullock. THIS is a very correct likeness of the most justly celebrated actress on the British stage. It is drawn with much taste, and in a very judicious attitude. The engraver has performed his task in a very skilful manner; and, with the artist, has given us a valuable acquisition to our collection of dramatic portraits.

VARIETIES.

[THE following allegory will give our readers an insight into the views entertained by some of our American brethren of certain eminent poets:—]

I have always thought that the great secret of success, in every pursuit, is the condensation of power. To this was Bonaparte indebted for his splendid victories; and in literature, as in war, it has often been the means of conferring immortality. Had Milton dissipated his talents in numerous small compositions, instead of collecting all the force of his genius and the stores of his learning for the production of *Paradise Lost*, he would long have been forgotten. If Byron, also, had not sent forth his effusions so rapidly, his fame would have been of a more permanent kind. I might also add, if the author of the *Spy* would but condense the labour of three such novels as his latest into one, his works would be more read, and longer admired. I was lately musing on this subject, and, as musers often do in the long and sultry days of June, I fell asleep; and lo! I dreamed a dream. I imagined that I was on mount Parnassus, where I saw Apollo engaged in an employment which I at first thought very singular. He was heating a large furnace. Beside it were piled an immense number of volumes, and I soon learned, that the divinity, by a certain alchemical process, was about to convert such of them as were susceptible of it into gold. He first threw into it the works of Homer. So little smoke arose, and so little dross was drawn away, that I concluded they would bring forth nearly their original weight in the precious metal; but what was my surprise, when they were put into the balance, to see they weighed

far more than when in their former state. With the works of Virgil the result was nearly similar, though the gold produced was less in quantity, and had not so great an appearance of solidity. The poems of Milton underwent the next trial. The smoke which arose was greater and accompanied with explosions, which, in sound, strangely resembled long latinized words. These works, however, also gained by the change. Shakspeare's turn came next, and I was startled to see the cloud of smoke his volumes sent forth, accompanied with a kind of bombastic explosion. A great quantity of dross—so much, indeed, that I feared nothing would be left—flowed off. It was of a dull, dirty appearance. However, on seeing the proceeds of the operation, the parts capable of being alchymized were so valuable, that notwithstanding the quantity of alloy which had been excluded, the weight was wonderfully increased. The masses of gold, though as pure and brilliant as any, were of rough fantastic forms, and a number of dull-looking lumps adhered to them. I at first took them for pebbles, which the heat had failed to separate from the rest, but, on close examination, I found they were gems which only wanted polishing. After this, no books possessed the increasing virtue. Some few small volumes brought forth ounce for ounce, but all fell short in a greater or less degree. Byron's works underwent considerable reduction; but the gold they produced was fine and brilliant, except one or two ingots, which bore black spots the fire could not wholly purify. When Wordsworth's poems were thrown in, there arose a mist, which had a mystifying effect upon my feelings. This being dissipated, Apollo took from the furnace something so small, that I was obliged to use my microscope to make out what it was. With the aid of this I saw a little gold rattle, which seemed intended for the hands of a Lilliputian baby. Though exceedingly diminutive, it must be owned it was wonderfully pretty. The next poet whose works were brought to the fiery ordeal was Southey. His volumes were so numerous that I feared Apollo would never get them all deposited. This was at length accomplished, and the hissing and sputtering cannot be described: such a quantity of froth issued from the mouth of the furnace, that it looked like a brewer's tub. All this being over, Apollo scraped from the bottom of the receptacle a small quantity of gold leaf. One of the muses, who was present, questioned its quality, and asserted it was only copper. At this Apollo held it up to the light to examine it more closely; when a little breath of wind carried it away, and it was lost. This set us all laughing, and I exercised my risibles so heartily, that, to use the words of John Bunyan, 'I awoke; and lo it was a dream!'

Air Gun for Artillery.—Though it is a maxim that war justifies all measures for human destruction, it is lamented, on the score of humanity, that the power of steam which is so invaluable an agent in the arts, should be applied, as it is likely to be in a short period, by the ingenious Mr. Perkins, for discharging artillery both by sea and land. An engineer named Curtis, however, has improved on the idea, by substituting highly condensed air for steam. From a description of this gentleman's plan, in the *Repertory of Inventions*, for October, he proposes to form a magazine of condensed air, by connecting the beam of a powerful steam engine to an air pump of a peculiar construction which cannot be described with-

out a plate, and to employ air of a density equal to 200 atmospheres, or 3000 lbs. pressure on an inch! We suspect, *when reduced to practice*, it will be found that, owing to friction and other causes, the steam engine which would be capable of working an air pump of sufficient power, would be more expensive than employing high-pressure steam for discharging shot according to the plan proposed by Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Macready made his first appearance, since his return from America, as Macbeth, on Tuesday last at Drury Lane.

Study—Hensius, the librarian, at Leyden, used to say,—‘I no sooner come to the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not their happiness.’

A gentleman of the name of Young ingeniously adopts for his motto ‘Semper Juvenis.’

Mineralogy of New South Wales.—‘The country beyond the Blue Mountains would afford a rich treat to the lovers of mineralogy. I have seen entire hills of jasper, and when we are dead and gone, I have little doubt that the landed proprietors, at Bathurst, will be building their houses of marble, which is found in quarries, nothing inferior to the Italian. Flints, agates, ragstones, and hones, equal to the German, are found by the most untutored eye, and white and yellow crystals are common curiosities in the meanest cravals of the solitary herdsman. From Wellington some specimens of copper ore have been brought to Sidney, of sufficient richness to invite the research of science into this valuable, and as yet untrodden field of our natural history.’—*From a Private Letter.*

Burying Alive!—On the Continent, where early inhumation is commonly practised, fears are frequently entertained by the living, that their bodies may be committed to the earth before the vital spark is extinct. To prevent the horrors naturally to be imagined in such cases, a gentleman has invented a coffin, to which pipes are so attached, that a person coming to life under-ground may not only breathe, but ring a bell, so as to warn those above of his situation. The projector, to prove the efficacy of his plan, was recently buried alive, at Berlin; his grave was filled up, and he remained quiet enough for about two hours, when he rang the alarm, and was shortly after dug up, but nearly suffocated with heat, the thermometer in his coffin having risen seventeen degrees!

The King's Cock Crower—Among the ancient customs of this country, one of matchless absurdity was continued even to so late a period as the reign of George I. During Lent an ancient officer of the crown crowed the hour each night within the precincts of the palace. On the Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., sat down to supper, this officer abruptly entered the apartment, and in a voice resembling the shrill pipe of a cock, crowed, *past ten o'clock*. The astonished prince rose to resent the affront, but upon the nature of the ceremony being explained, he was satisfied. Since that period, this silly custom, introduced to remind the court of their errors, by that clarion which called back Peter to repentance, has been discontinued.—*Notes of a Bookworm.*

The Philosopher and the Fool—Two men, the one a philosopher and the other a fool, were in the service of the same master, and slept in the same bed: the philosopher lay on the outside. One morning having overslept themselves, the master, coming with a whip, flogged the philosopher, who happened to be the nearest on his entrance into the room. ‘This I will avoid another time,’ said the philosopher to himself: on the next night, therefore, he changed side with the fool. In the morning they again transgressed, and the master came to chastise them; but reflecting that he had before whipped the man that was nearest, he thought it but just the other should feel his displeasure likewise; accordingly he went to the other side of the bed, and his blows again fell on the poor philosopher; thus confirming, by this example, the general truth, ‘the wisest cannot avoid their fate.’

Origin of Gray's Meteor-Beard.—He did not take the idea from the Moses of Michel Angelo, nor from the Padre Eterno of Raffael in his Vision of Ezekiel, but from the Hudibras of Butler:—

This hairy meteor did denounce

The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

Here we have the very words.—W. S. LANDOR.

Improvements at Cambridge.—Of those already completed, the most conspicuous are the new buildings at King's, and the re erection of Corpus Christi. The additional square to the western side of St. John's will, it is supposed, cost above £30,000. It were to be wished the proposed improvements, represented in the drawing, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, could be carried into effect, as it would form the grandest coup-d'œil in the kingdom.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death:

Old stubborn Joe his will maintained

Throughout his term of breath;

Nor yielded it without complaint

Unto his heir, in death!

G. D.

Petrarch.—A MS. of Petrarch is said to have been published at St. Petersburg, which was once in the possession of Bembo; but the evidence seems not sufficient to prove it an original autograph, resting on the bare assertion of Chevalier Arrighi, the purchaser.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:—Emir Malek, an historical novel, 3 vols. 18s.—Petendorff's Reports, vol. 7th, royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.—Bingley's Introduction to Botany, by Frost, 12mo. col. 7s.; plain, 4s.—Dunbar on the Structure of the Greek and Latin Languages, post 8vo. 8s.—Conversations on Animal Economy, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.—Parliamentary Abstracts and Papers, for 1826-7, royal 8vo. £1. 15s.—Hansard's Debates, vol. 16, £1. 11s. 6d.—Cassan's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Porson Vindicated, 8vo. 10s.—Dewhurst's Introductory Lecture to Anatomy and Physiology, 1s. 6d.—Storer's Illustrations of the University of Cambridge.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.—Cuthbert, a novel.—The Stanley Tales, second series.—Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City, by Mr. J. Bird.—Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, by a person lately about town.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Nov. 9	48	52	48	29 84		Rain.
..... 10	47	52	52	.. 98		Cloudy.
..... 11	52	57	45	.. 98		Fair.
..... 12	42	45	48	30 16		Fair.
..... 13	55	60	45	.. 18		Cloudy.
..... 14	42	46	42	.. 07		Fair.
..... 15	44	45	43	29 74		Hazy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE beautiful poem, which, as its author states, was ‘written solely for The Literary Chronicle,’ possesses merit that will, in all probability, tempt several of our contemporaries to transcribe it into their columns. This is no unusual occurrence: too seldom is the quotation acknowledged, and not unfrequently fictitious signatures are appended, and other disingenuous arts resorted to, to palm off the borrowed article as original. Among others, the Brighton Gazette has more than once resorted to this unfair practice.

The Ocean Spirit, by V, in our next.

Dead Languages in our next.

We have not received the volumes respecting which M. R. inquires; we are particularly solicitous to pay early attention to every work of importance, whatever may be the subject of which it treats.

Works just published by BURGESS and HILL, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket,

AN ESSAY on the USE of the CHLORURETS of SODA and of LIME, as powerful Disinfecting Agents, and as remedies of considerable efficacy in the Treatment of Hospital Gangrene, Phagedenic, Syphilitic, and ill-conditioned Ulcers, Mor-tification, and various other Diseases.

By T. ALCOCK, Surgeon.

8vo. boards, 7s.

‘Mr. Alcock has endeavoured, in this little work, to collect the scattered information relating to the subject, and to add such further observations as his personal experience has afforded. For this attempt we think he deserves the approbation of every well-wisher of medical science.’—*Medico-Chirurg. Rev.*

‘We beg to tender our sincere acknowledgments to Mr. Alcock, for the very acceptable service which he has rendered to the interests of science and humanity, by the publication of this very luminous essay.’—*Evangelical Magazine.*

‘We consider this Essay of national importance, and we most sincerely trust that the Marquis of Lansdowne will give it that attention it so urgently demands.’—*Sunday Times*, Sept. 30.

‘To sum up:—This is a subject by no means limited to the members of a single profession, but calculated, from its various bearings, to come home, at some period or other of his life, to every man's practical experience.’—*New Monthly Magazine.*

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS on the MANAGEMENT and DISEASES of CHILDREN. By the late C. T. Haden, Surgeon; with Additional Observations and a Biographical Notice of the Author, by Thomas Alcock, Surgeon. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Contents:—On the signs of Health and Disease in Children—Cause of Disease in Children, and on the mode of its production in the poorer classes—Mode in which Diseases arise amongst Children of the higher classes of society, and of the causes of the diversified forms under which they appear—Effects of good and bad moral treatment on the Health of Children—Different periods of Childhood—Management of the first period of infancy—Nursing infants, and on Nurses—Food of Infants, Sleep, Air, Exercise, and Cleanliness—Wet-nurses, and the mode in which Mothers may be taught to suckle their own children—Teething of Infants—Evils of Teething—Weaning, and the Diseases incident to that period—Bringing up Infants by hand—Management of Children from the period of Teething to the commencement of School Education—Preparatory Schools, and on the precautions and management required to promote Health.

No work on the diseases and management of children in modern times, has been so well received as the above valuable volume. It has been highly recommended by the most distinguished medical and general literary publications; not only to the medical practitioner, but to every mother, and every person interested in the health and education of children.

A MEMOIR on the DIAGNOSTIC SIGNS afforded by the STETHOSCOPE in FRACTURES, and in some other Surgical Diseases. Translated from the French of Professor Lisfranc, with Notes and Additions. By J. R. Alcock, 18mo. 2s. Contents:—Translator's Preface, showing the mode of acquiring facility in the use of the Stethoscope—Memoir on some new applications of the Stethoscope, particularly in Fractures—General rules for the application of the Stethoscope—Particular rules applicable to Fracture of the Tibia; of the Fibula; of the Leg; of the Patella (longitudinal); Ditto (transverse); of the Thigh; of the Pelvis; of the Radius; of the Fore-arm; of the Olecranon; of the Humerus; of the Clavicle; of the Ribs; of the Scapula; of the Acromion; of the Vertebral column; of the Jaw; of the Cranium—Stone in the Bladder—Biliary Calculi—Typhoid—Ascites—Dropsy of the Joints—Hydrocephalus, Spina Bifida—Hydrocele—Extraneous sub-

stances in the Joints—Cysts—Aneurisms—Caries of the Joints, &c.

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